



No. 474.—VOL. XXXVII. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



A PRETTY SCENE FROM "MEMORY'S GARDEN," THE NEW PLAY AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

GILBERT ETHERIDGE (MR. DENNIS EADIE) TELLS THE OLD, OLD TALE TO PHYLLIS ARMITAGE (MISS DAISY THIMM).

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The King and his Travelling Title—The King's Ale—American Theatres and Royal Entrances—The late Earl Fitzwilliam—Boer Cleanliness.*

AS the time approaches when the King will take his usual annual trip to the Riviera, interest is stirred as to whether His Majesty will voyage incognito, as Baron Renfrew, or whether he will travel as a Monarch passing through a foreign country. Concealment of any kind there is none nowadays for a great personage in the assumption of a lesser dignity, but the ceremonious receptions at railway-stations and the attendance of the high officials wherever the King may break his journey is avoided by the dropping of the Royal title. His Majesty, of course, is Baron Renfrew, that title being a royal appanage, just as the Princess Louise, by virtue of her marriage to the Duke of Argyll, is Lady Sundridge, the title under which she always travels, Baron Sundridge of Kent being a title in the English Peerage which came to the fifth Duke of Argyll.

There will be, doubtless, just as much eagerness to obtain casks and bottles of the King's ale, the special brew of strong beer the "mashing" of which was started by His Majesty, as there was to buy the King's sherry, the surplus of the Royal cellars, and Messrs. Bass and Co. could make a little fortune out of the brew if they so chose. Those patriotic subjects into whose hands and mouths the Royal liquid may in time come should take warning that it is no beverage to drink out of large mugs. Anyone who has drunk a wineglassful of old Brasenose or some of the various old audit ales knows that a second glassful might well be too much for the strongest head.

One of the troubles which beset the organisers of the festivities to do honour to the Kaiser's brother in America was that there are no Royal entrances to the theatres, and it was necessary at the Irving Place Theatre to cut a new entrance through solid masonry, in order that Prince Henry may go to his box at the Opera without passing through the public lobbies. The three-branched silver candlestick which the Manager is supposed to hold as he steps backward before the Royal patron of the theatre is no longer insisted on anywhere except in Paris, and Mr. Grau will not be called upon to execute this very difficult walking feat.

Barcelona has had its Anarchist riots before, and, if the rioters knew that General Weyler had been consulted by the Queen of Spain as to the repressive measures that were necessary, they must have expected short shrift, for it was at Barcelona by the measures he took against the Anarchists that the foremost of the Spanish Generals gained his reputation for implacable severity. The thick-set little man with the square jaw and mutton-chop whiskers, when he was Governor of Barcelona, determined to stamp out Anarchy in the town, and he treated the Anarchists like mad dogs. He was said to have also killed a number of persons who took no part in riots or conspiracy, but this did not disturb his equanimity so long as the average of known Anarchists amongst the executed was a sufficiently high one.

The late Earl Fitzwilliam was a very splendid nobleman who believed that a great position should be nobly filled. He was a Clubman of the highest note, for he was a member of the Jockey Club and of the Squadron, as well as of Brooks's and the Travellers'. Almost to the end of his life he observed the custom of keeping open house at Wentworth Woodhouse, where on certain days any of his neighbour who liked were welcome to dine at his table. No invitation was required to these feasts. His guests were asked to sign their names in a book which was kept for that purpose in the hall, and each man having done this went in and sat where he pleased and ate and drank as he would. Over a hundred people often dined at the Earl's expense on these occasions. Each of these self-invited guests was welcome to stay the night, and to stable a horse if he liked, for the rhyme on Sprotborough Stone promising food for man and horse for a day to any who cared to ask was held to apply to Wentworth Woodhouse. At Coollatin, the Earl's house near Shillelagh, the village which gave the name to the typical Irishman's little bit of blackthorn in County Wicklow, the custom of open house was carried on to the time of the Earl's death.

Earl Fitzwilliam was a power in Yorkshire. He was Lord-Lieutenant of the county, and he supported his dignity with much state. It used to be one of the great sights of Doncaster during the race-week to view the Earl and his guests drive on to the course in yellow carriages drawn each by four horses. He made a match annually between one of his horses and one of Lord Falmouth's to be run at Doncaster, and, I believe, never won. He owned a pack of hounds, and at one time hunted them himself four days a-week. He was one of the few possessors of a service of gold-plate.

The Committee of ladies who visited the camps where the Boer women and children were collected were staggered by the state of filth which some of the women preferred to cleanliness in the tents and in the places for washing and drinking. Had they seen the houses of some of the lower-class Boers they would have been even more astonished. A single room, without chimney or windows, often constitutes the whole of the house, and the only water for drinking—washing being looked on as an unnecessary luxury—comes from stagnant water-holes into which filth of all kinds drains.

## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

*The Oxford and Cambridge Football Match—Some Good Players—Ireland Defeats Wales—Clever, but a "Juggins"—Early-Closing—The Sunday Trader—The Cock of the Guards' Cap.*

THE Oxford and Cambridge Association match had a touch of gloom cast over it on Saturday by the death of A. T. B. Dunn, the famous old Cambridge footballer, who played for his University in 1883 and 1884, in both of which years Cambridge won, and was also famous as an Etonian and International player. Out of respect for his memory, the Cambridge men wore black bands on their arms. For the greater part of the afternoon the play was very level, though just at first Oxford looked like making a goal. Then both sides made several shots at goal which did not come off, and at half-time neither side had scored. Alternately the two teams looked like gaining, but then Oxford began to press their opponents hard, though it was not until about a quarter-of-an-hour before time that they got their goal, thanks to Evans and Morgan-Owen. Then Corbett, on the left wing, helped Comber to score a second goal, and, nothing more happening, Oxford won by two goals to nothing.

The teams were more even than the score would suggest, but there is no doubt that the best men won. Of the Oxford men, Evans, Morgan-Owen, Comber, and Wilkinson played in fine form, and on the Cambridge side, Canny, Young, Wells, Wright, and Driffield did good work, Wells being especially remarkable at many points of the game. Oxford have now won thirteen times to Cambridge's fifteen, the match in 1889 having been a draw.

The weather on Saturday was very pleasant, and almost spring-like after the wintry weather of the previous ten days. The first of the International matches was also played between Ireland and Wales, the former winning by three goals to none. Wales made a splendid fight of it, but Ireland, as a rule, had the upper hand and scored one goal in the first half and two in the second, the goals being kicked by Gara, who played splendidly throughout. The two countries have now met twenty-one times, Wales having won eleven times and Ireland six, while there have been three drawn games.

The universal topic of conversation in the street and elsewhere has been the Liverpool Bank Frauds case. What strikes me as the most extraordinary thing about the case is that Goudie, who was clever enough to carry out a series of most complicated forgeries, should have been such a "Juggins" over betting. He never got a penny-worth of good from the thousands of pounds of which he robbed the bank, and swallowed any yarn that was told him about the horses and the bets which he was supposed to have made. No doubt, he was one of those men who bet without knowing one end of a horse from another and who would be absolutely nonplussed if they had to put on a saddle and bridle. If he had gone in for a gamble on the Stock Exchange, he might have won large sums, with his banking experience; but, then, there is a fascination about the Turf which stocks and shares do not possess for the majority of us.

There is something to be said on both sides of every question, and, though there are few men for whom I have a greater respect than Lord Avebury, I cannot quite agree with him over the Early Closing question. "The Man in the Street" is not always in the street; he has his hours of business, too, and if, when he is free to do his shopping, he finds all the shops shut, he will be rather worse off than he was before. Of course, there are plenty of shops which might close early every day without causing inconvenience to anybody; I am not talking about them. But, on the other hand, there are shops, especially those which sell the necessities of life, which could not close early without making it extremely awkward for a great many of us. I am for short hours as much as anybody, but we must put common-sense into the matter and discriminate between the businesses which can and those which cannot close early without inconveniencing the public.

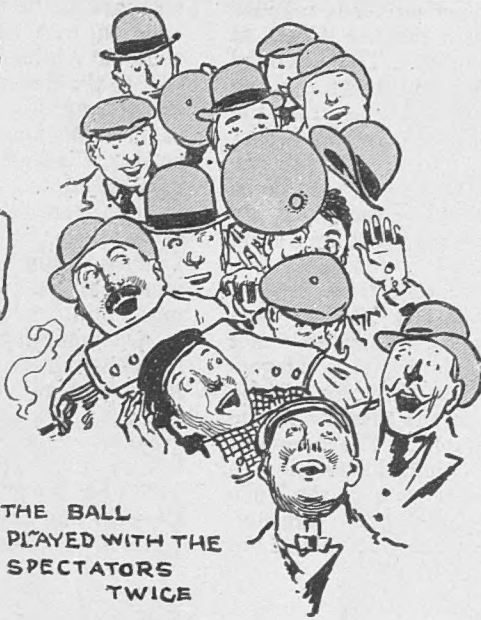
And while on the subject of shops, I see that a ridiculous old Act of Charles II. is being dug up in some parts of the country to stop Sunday trading. I cannot see why, because the good folk who lived over two hundred years ago had neither tobacco nor Sunday newspapers, I should be prevented from having them in the twentieth century. It does nobody any harm and is certainly for the public convenience that the little shops which appeal especially to "The Man in the Street" should be open on Sundays, and, if the Act were put in force fairly, it would stop all trains, omnibuses, and cabs as well as small tradesmen. There would be something like a Revolution if anyone tried to stop "The Man in the Street" from travelling on Sunday, especially in the summer, and so let us have fair play all round.

Soldiers may always be trusted to improve slightly on the Dress Regulations, especially as regards their caps. As it has been decided to retain the new pancake-cap for the Guards, the men have managed to give it a cock-up in front and a droop behind which gives it a smart appearance it did not at first possess. However, nothing will make the new cap look as smart as the old one did slanting over one ear.





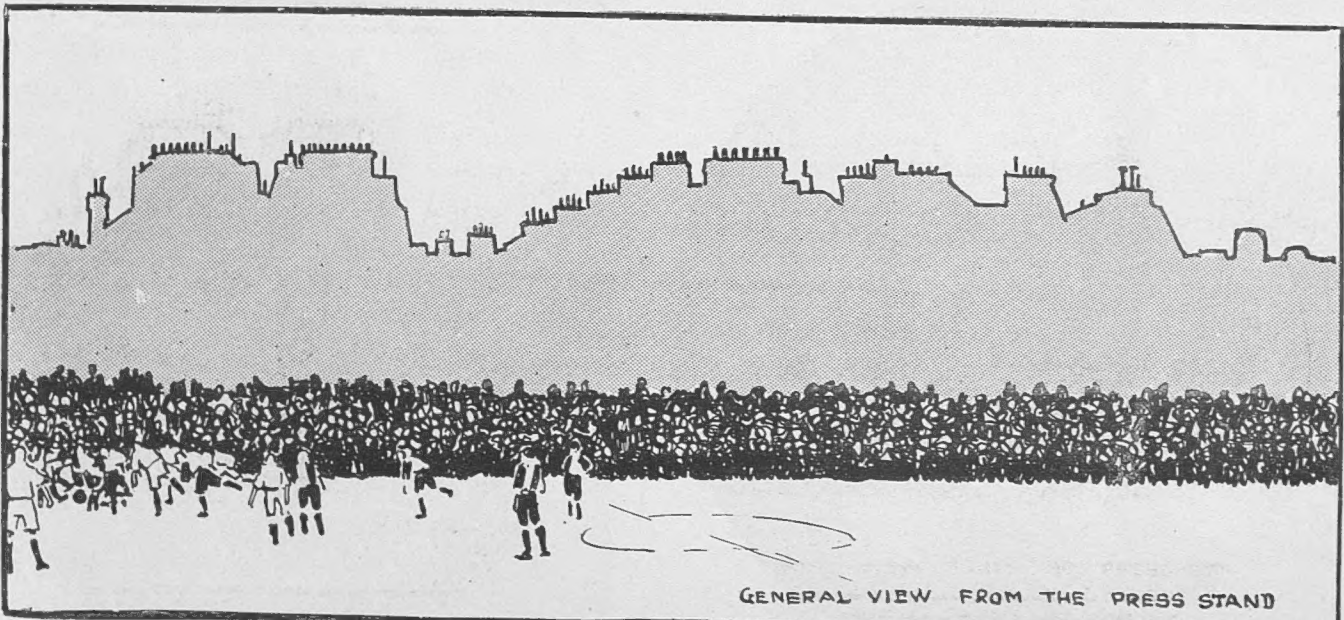
2.  
SMART  
RETURN



THE BALL  
PLAYED WITH THE  
SPECTATORS  
TWICE



A USEFUL FALL



GENERAL VIEW FROM THE PRESS STAND



A FULL STOP



A DEAD HEAT.



HALF TIME.



G.E. WILKINSON DOING  
A HALF-WAY KICK.

THE INTER-'VARSITY ASSOCIATION MATCH AT QUEEN'S CLUB LAST SATURDAY.

SOME FEATURES OF THE EVENT RECORDED BY JOHN HASSALL.



## THE KING'S VISIT TO BURTON.

[SPECIAL TO "THE SKETCH."]

HIS MAJESTY THE KING has honoured Lord Burton with a week-end visit, and the borough—from which his Lordship's title was taken—and, in fact, the whole countryside, rejoiced exceedingly, and demonstrated their loyalty in a manner which, at the same time, astonished and gratified His Majesty. The intended visit was kept a close secret until nine days before the event, but, the moment it leaked out, it is scarcely any exaggeration to say that the inhabitants of Burton went nearly wild with enthusiasm. The Mayor set to work with a will, and, doubtless assisted by the great influence of Lord Burton, was able to call a special meeting of the Town Council on the Monday before the visit and announce the gratifying fact that the King had graciously consented to accept an address from the town during his brief sojourn in the vicinity.

The King arrived at Barton and Walton Station from Euston shortly after half-past six on Friday night. His Majesty was accompanied by a number of distinguished guests. They were met by Lord Burton and were driven direct to Rangemore. The villagers made a grand display, and gave His Majesty a foretaste of the heartiness of the reception which awaited him on the morrow in the more populous centre, the great brewery metropolis. The guests at Rangemore numbered about a score, and included, in addition to the King, Colonel the Hon. H. Legge (Equerry-in-Waiting), the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, His Excellency the Portuguese Minister, Prince and Princess Demidoff, Lady Sarah Wilson, Lady Hindlip, Lord

great brewery metropolis beggars description. It was a right royal welcome in the truest sense of the word. The people from far and near flocked into the streets in tens, aye, hundreds of thousands; the vast populace of London itself could not have made a more impressive demonstration. The Royal party entered the town by way of Forest Road, and a good impression was palpably made upon the King at starting, for, passing the first public building, he was greeted by two thousand children, who, from a tier of platforms, sang with pleasing effect the National Anthem. The round of inspection commenced by a brief visit to the firm's Shobnall Road maltings, and from there His Majesty was conveyed to the New Brewery, where he assisted in starting a brew of the firm's famous No. 1. From here the inspection was continued until the Steam Cooperage was reached. The King evinced the greatest interest in all the details and made a minute inspection of the more modern machinery used in the production of barrels. He was shown how, by machinery alone, a butt can be commenced and finished within the brief period of twenty minutes. A very limited number of people were permitted to be on the premises during the inspection.

On emerging from the Brewery near the offices in High Street, the cheering was renewed with great vigour by the vast concourse which had congregated in the vicinity and waited patiently for hours for the brief opportunity of demonstrating their loyalty. His Majesty graciously bowed his acknowledgments from time to time. A slight deviation from the direct route was made on the return journey, to permit of a passing glimpse at the Market-place, the old Parish Church, and the historic Abbey. By this time the crush of those anxious to obtain a glimpse of His Majesty had become so dense that



LORD AND LADY BURTON, WHO HAVE JUST HAD THE HONOUR OF ENTERTAINING THE KING AT BURTON-ON-TRENT.

*Photographs by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.*

and Lady Farquhar, Earl Howe, Lord Westbury, Lord Hyde, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Keppel, and Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour.

Rangemore Hall lies in the very heart of the romantic Royal Forest of Needwood, famous as a great centre for the sport of Kings and nobles in the centuries far back, when the historic Castle of Tisbury was in the height of its splendour. The stately ruins of the old Castle are almost within bugle-call of the borders of the forest. The district is now the happy hunting-ground of the members of the Meynell Hunt, of which Lord Burton's late brother, Mr. Hamar Bass, was Master for many years. His Lordship has recently expended something like £120,000 in building a new wing and remodelling the old structure, the work having occupied about three years. The decorations throughout are in ivory-white, and the whole place has been richly furnished. Everything is in the best possible taste and in perfect harmony. Magnificent tapestry adorns the walls of the large dining-room in the new portion and Lord Burton's private study, which is further enriched by the celebrated Romney pictures. One of the prettiest rooms in the whole range is that set apart for Lady Burton. It overlooks the beautiful lake and commands a charming view of the grounds and the forest beyond. The library is magnificently decorated in oak and is of exceptional length, and, needless to say, is rich in literary treasures. The ball-room, too, is one of the finest to be found in any nobleman's mansion in the country. That it was brought into requisition during the stay of the illustrious visitors goes without saying, for Ashton's famous Orchestral Band was in attendance throughout the visit.

On Saturday morning His Majesty and the other guests paid a visit to Messrs. Bass and Co.'s world-renowned Breweries, and the reception accorded the King on his arrival within the precincts of the

the police had great difficulty in keeping a clear way, although there were over two hundred additional constables on duty for that purpose. Business was entirely suspended, and all traffic stopped from eleven o'clock until after the Royal party had left the town. After their departure, the Mayor gave a luncheon to the Corporation and members of the local public bodies in the Town Hall. In the evening the town was extensively illuminated.

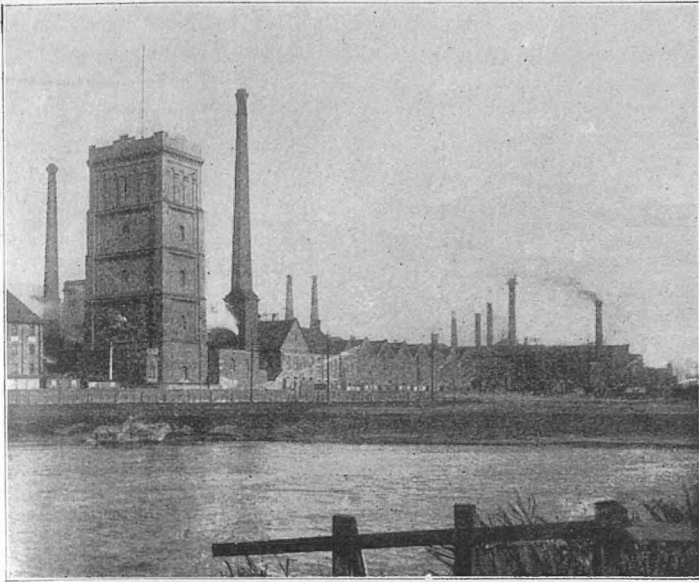
On Sunday morning His Majesty attended Divine Service at Rangemore Church, and many thousands of pedestrians wended their way to the picturesque little village in the hope of a glimpse of the King. Monday's ceremonial, though brief, was of a very stirring and impressive character. In accordance with his promise, His Majesty afforded an opportunity for the presentation of an address. This was made by his Worship the Mayor in the presence of the Corporation and a distinguished assemblage immediately before. His Majesty took train for London from Burton Station, and brought to a conclusion a visit which, as was set forth in the wording of the address, "will long be remembered by His Majesty's devoted subjects."

The address, which was one of the finest specimens of the designer's art ever turned out by Messrs. Bemrose and Sons, was in book-form, and produced on vellum, handsomely illuminated. The binding was of the choicest royal-purple morocco edged with gold, and on the outside cover were embossed the initials "E. R.," surmounted by a crown. The Arms of Burton appeared on the first page. Following the title-page, which was heraldic in character and gave the full title of His Majesty, came the text in fancy lettering, with miniature local views in water-colours depicted in the corners. The borders consisted chiefly of bunches of hops and barley. The ancient Arms of the Abbey of Burton, an azure ragged cross with five gold stars on a shield, were represented on the last page.

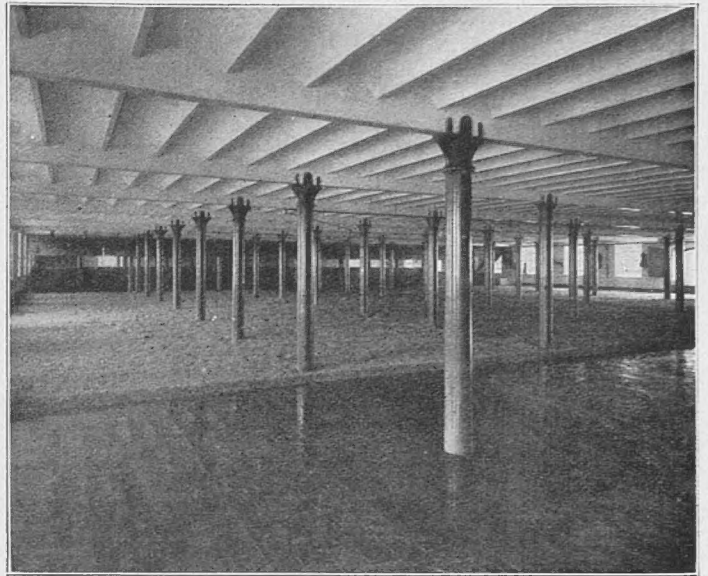


# VISIT OF THE KING TO BURTON-ON-TRENT:

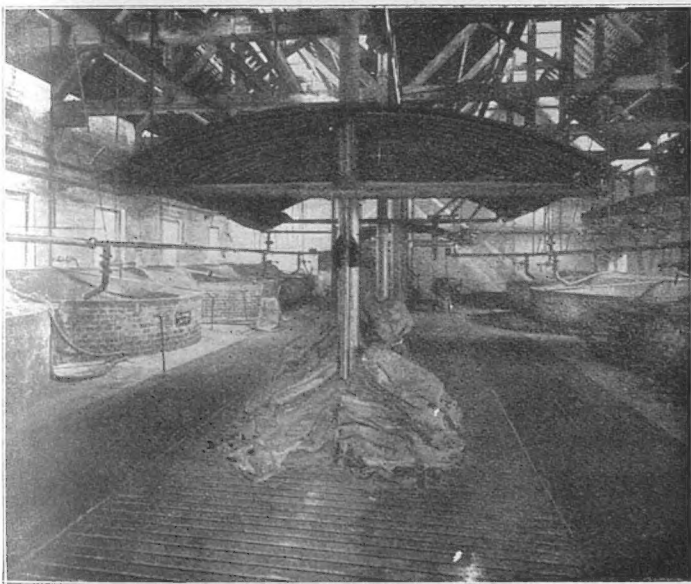
THE PROCESS OF MAKING BEER AS SEEN BY HIS MAJESTY IN THE BREWERY OF MESSRS. BASS AND CO.



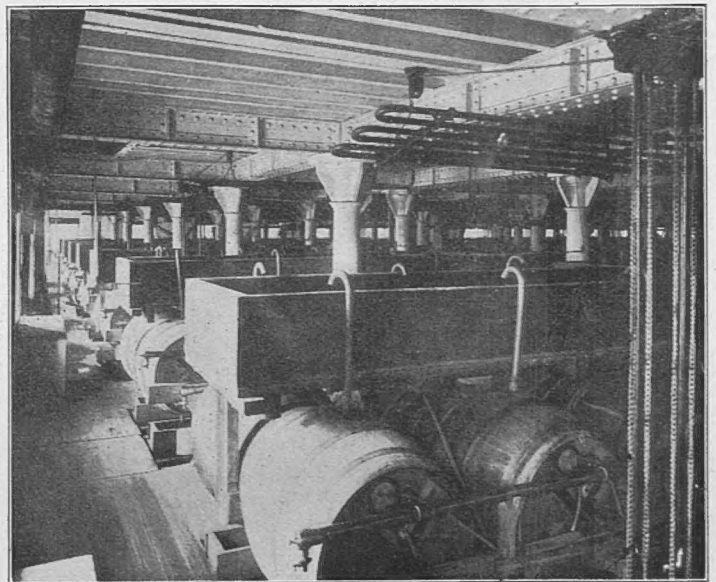
THE WATER-TOWER AND OLD BREWERY, FROM THE RIVER TRENT.



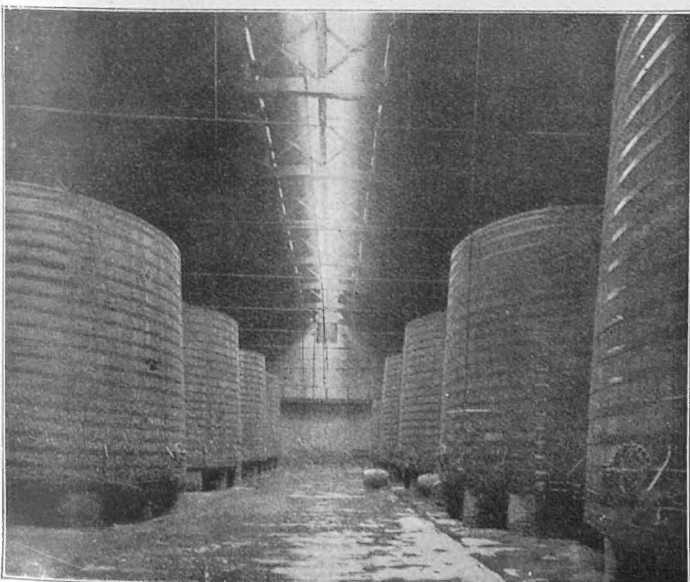
ONE FLOOR OF MALT-HOUSE, SHOWING MALT IN PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE.



COPPER-ROOM, AT THE OLD BREWERY, WHERE THE WORT IS BOILED.



A CORNER OF ONE OF THE UNION-ROOMS: HERE THE YEAST IS DRAWN OFF.



THE STOUT-VATS AT THE NEW BREWERY.



RACKING-ROOM, WHERE THE ALE IS PUT INTO CASKS.



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Mr. Frank Curzon will produce on THURSDAY EVENING, at 9 o'clock, a new play, entitled

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By Arthur Law.

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Misses Granville, Vane Featherstone, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, and Miss Annie Hughes.

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At 8.15, THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.

At 8, A PATCHED-UP AFFAIR, by Florence Warden.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA, by Stephen Phillips.

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MATINEE SATURDAY, March 8, and every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY following.

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("L'Enigme," by Paul Hervieu.)

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## THE ARTISTS' SOCIETY AND THE LANGHAM.

I had a very interesting and enjoyable evening last Friday at the Conversazione of the Artists' Society and the Langham Sketching Club. Amongst the clever painters whose work graced the walls of the cosy little studio in All Souls' Place were Douglas Almond, James Greig, Lewis Baumer, and many other clever people well known to Sketch readers. We had music, too, and I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Duncan Tovey sing his "Drum - Major" song, to say nothing of my inimitable friend Odell in a folk-lore ditty, and Mr. Gilbert Laye in a musical sketch. The invitation-card reproduced by kind permission is from a design by Douglas Almond, R.I.



FRIDAY, FEB. 21<sup>ST</sup> 1902  
PICTURES 4 P.M.  
MUSIC 8 P.M.  
MORNING DRESS.

EASTER HOLIDAYS AND WHERE TO SPEND THEM.

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"The novel is full of interest and incident, the dialogue is vivacious, and the story as a whole is an excellent account of the way in which Anglo-Indians and Eurasians live. For an accurate description of Anglo-Indian life we much prefer Mrs. Croker's novels to anything Mr. Kipling has produced."—LITERARY WORLD.

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"With the Red Eagle."

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[Shortly.]

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[Shortly.]

## THE SHADOW OF THE ROPE. By E. W. HORNUNG,

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[Shortly.]

## MAZEPPA. By FRED. WHISHAW.

[Shortly.]

## WALFORD'S COUNTY FAMILIES OF THE UNITED

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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

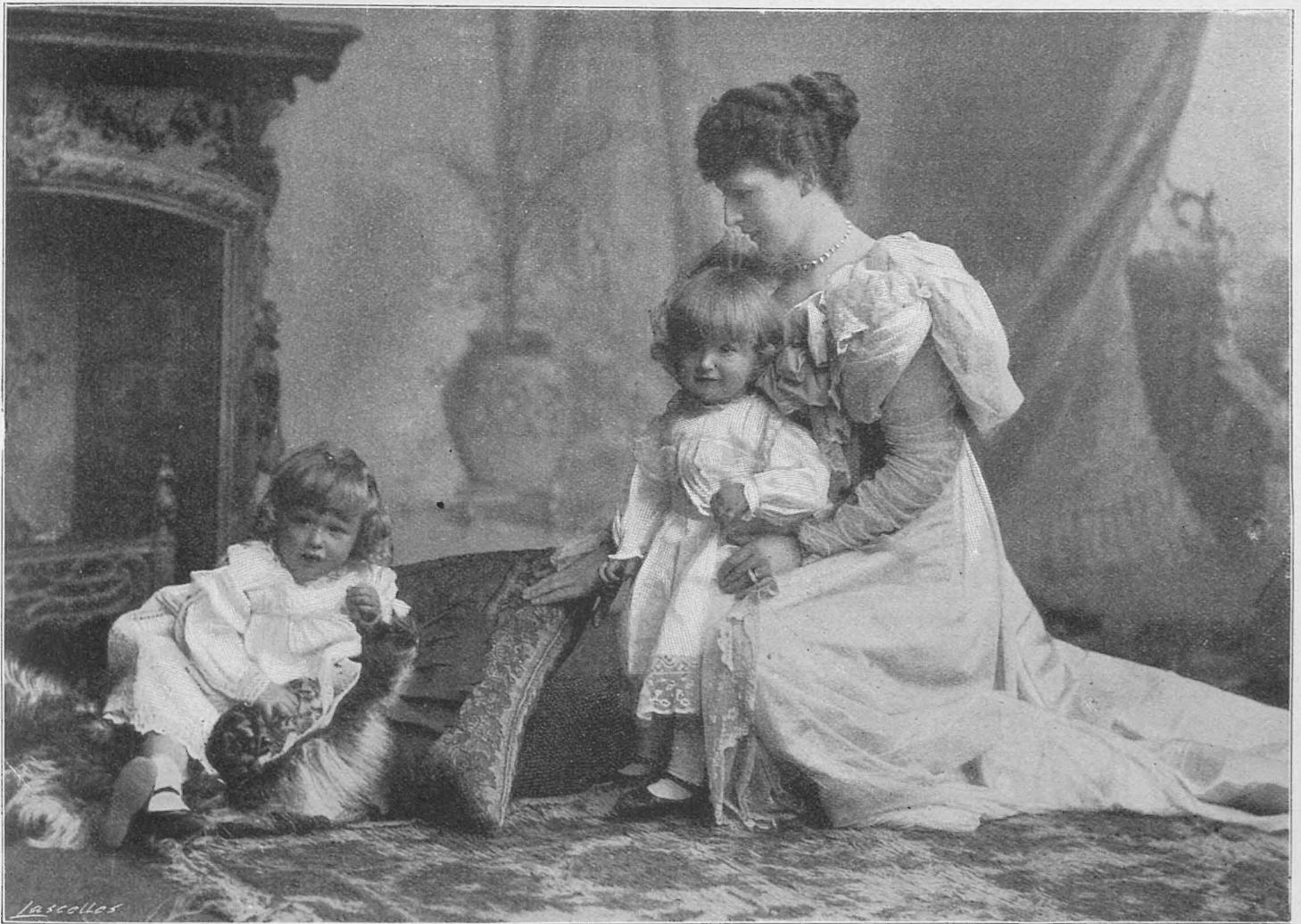
*The Court and the Birds.*

Both the King and Queen seem desirous to make it known that they strongly disapprove of the cruel practice of destroying hundreds of thousands of innocent birds in order to provide trimming for fashionable head-gear. Queen Alexandra and the Princesses make a point of never wearing aigrettes in their hats and toques, and Her Majesty has always done all in her power, by the strong force of her personal example, to replace the wearing of feathers by artificial flowers.

*The Queen and the Coronation.*

Her Majesty, who is taking the greatest interest in all that concerns the Coronation, is particularly anxious not only that the robes worn by the Peeresses should be made of British velvet, but also that all the lace and embroideries should be made in the United Kingdom. Several ladies, in deference to the Queen's desire, have already given important orders for the finest real lace to be made for them in

title of Lady Sundridge when travelling, recalls to mind what one always considers to have been an error of judgment on the part of the late Duke of Argyll. Up to the year 1892, The MacCallum More, howbeit a Duke and the Chief of the Campbells, had no seat in the House of Peers by any title higher than that of his Barony, Sundridge. In the above-mentioned year, however, he obtained a patent conferring on himself and his heirs a new Dukedom of the United Kingdom. In virtue of this patent, the present Duke sits and votes as a Duke instead of as a Baron. But where the mistake was made was in repeating the Argyll title. As it stands, his Grace is doubly Duke of Argyll, instead of acting as did a Duke of Hamilton in the eighteenth century, who, finding himself in the same predicament and being desirous of an English Dukedom, had himself called to the Upper House by the name, style, and title of Duke of Brandon. His present Grace is, consequently, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon; but the Princess's husband could hardly sign himself "Argyll and Argyll," whereas it would



LADY ILEENE CAMPBELL AND HER BABIES.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

Ireland, and this is causing quite a revival in the making of the more costly varieties of Irish point and Limerick lace.

*The Royal Smile.* In Lord Ronald Gower's delightful volume of reminiscences there is a little story told of Prince Edward of Wales and his brother, Prince Albert, both listening with extreme courtesy to a long-winded story told them by some prosy individual, at the end of which the elder Prince whispered imperatively to the younger, "Smile!" Royal personages are supposed to be always gratified by any attempt made to amuse them. Fortunately, our Royal Family are blessed with a strong sense of humour, and the King's hearty laugh, once heard, is long remembered. The Queen has what may be called without exaggeration a really lovely smile; it is said that when she first came to this country as a bride she literally smiled her way into the then sad and bereaved Sovereign's heart. The Prince and Princess of Wales have not smiling faces, but the Princess, when really pleased or interested, literally beams, as did her popular mother the late Duchess of Teck.

*Princess Louise of Argyll.*

The departure of Princess Louise of Argyll for the Continent, where she is the guest of Sir Sydney and Lady Waterlow in their charming villa at Cannes, and the fact that Her Royal Highness chooses the incognito

have been a not unseemly addition if he had become his Grace the Lord Duke of Argyll and Inverary, or some such euphonious northern name. The Scottish Dukes seem fond of duplicating themselves. We have, besides, Hamilton and Brandon, Buccleuch and Queensberry, and Richmond and Gordon. This ducal doubling has been royally instanced in the case of the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn.

*Lady Ileene Campbell.*

Among the younger Scottish beauties, Lady Ileene Campbell takes quite a special place. As Lady Ileene Hastings, she was one of the most popular of debutantes; her marriage to Mr. Colin Campbell, of Stonefield, Argyllshire, took place when she was just one-and-twenty, and she soon became as true a Scotswoman as she had been an Irishwoman. She is a keen horsewoman, and often pays a visit, accompanied by her two little sons, to her old home, Sharavogue.

*The Champion of Shopkeepers.*

The gentle, pleading voice reveals Sir John Lubbock in the disguise of Lord Avebury. He will be seventy in a couple of years, but neither age nor a Peerage has abated his zeal on behalf of the shopkeepers. Notwithstanding defeats and discouragements, Lord Avebury takes every opportunity to advocate early closing. The House of Lords steadily refuses to permit a majority of two-thirds to dictate to the



remaining third as to the hours when they will keep open; and irrepressible Lord Wemyss espouses the cause of the minority "in the name of Liberty." Lord Avebury, however, has carried to the Gilded Chamber the persistency for which Sir John Lubbock was conspicuous in the House of Commons.

*A Statesman's Son.* Mr. Trevelyan promises to repeat the reputation of his father. His speech in moving the Bill on Site Values was an admirable specimen of Parliamentary exposition. The young man is endowed with a good voice, and he uses it effectively. Probably he owes much in this respect to University practice. Mr. Trevelyan has a lithe figure, which he twists in a manner reminiscent of Sir George, and he has a long, bright, intellectual face. The young University set is not particularly popular on the Opposition side, but Mr. Trevelyan's speech and Bill secured the sympathy of Radicals. He is a conscientious M.P., diligent and studious, and no doubt he will sit, before he is old, on the Treasury Bench. His age now is only thirty-two.

*"Coningsby" in Parliament.* There is still a Disraeli in the House as well as a Gladstone. On the one side we have Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and on the other Mr. Coningsby Disraeli. Neither is fond of much speaking, yet both speak well. The nephew of the great Conservative Premier, after a long spell of silence, has broken out on the new Rules of Procedure. Rules which were good enough for "Dizzy" are not lightly to be cast aside by the Member who bears his name and who has some of his characteristics.



THE HON. ETHEL GERARD, DAUGHTER OF LORD GERARD.

*Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.*

Mr. Coningsby Disraeli has a piquant, almost fantastic style. It is not affected and nobody could call it commonplace. It becomes the nephew and heir of the author of "Coningsby."

*A Charming Débutante.* Miss Ethel Gerard, the young daughter of Lord and Lady Gerard, is one of the most charming of the group of youthful beauties who may claim the title of Coronation débutantes. Miss Gerard, like her accomplished mother, is many-sided in her interests and hobbies. She is a keen sportswoman and never so content as when spending the hunting season in the neighbourhood of a famous pack. She also has all the modern love of art and beauty, and is one of the best-dressed girls in Society. Lord and Lady Gerard are both much liked at Court, and the Queen is greatly interested in their young daughter.

*The Countess of Stradbroke.* Of the interesting group of Countesses who will grace the Coronation, among the most stately-looking will be the young Countess of Stradbroke, before her marriage one of Scotland's fair daughters, for she is the only sister of Sir Alexander Keith Fraser. Lord and Lady Stradbroke are very great people in Suffolk—indeed, Lord Stradbroke enjoys the picturesque office of Vice-Admiral of his county. Lady Stradbroke is devoted to the county and enjoys her rôle of Lady Bountiful. She has two baby daughters, the eldest of whom rejoices in the ancient and pretty name of Pleasance.

*Lady Mar and Kellie.* There are several groups of beautiful sisters in Society, and of them perhaps the most charming and generally distinguished is that composed of Lord Shaftesbury's five sisters. Lady Mar and Kellie is the fourth, and many people think by far the most beautiful of the group. Like

so many modern women, she is not content with being beautiful, but is also very clever and accomplished. She is always in request when a Royal house-party is being gathered together, and she is certain to be one of the principal beauties of the Coronation Season.

At Mr. Newman's Symphony Concert on Saturday last, at Queen's Hall, selections from Wagner's "Parsifal," Humperdinck's overture, "Hänsel und Gretel," the symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," of Saint-Saëns, and the programme recently performed before the King and Queen were given, Mr. Ffrangcon Davies being the vocalist.

The Saturday Popular Concert last week introduced for the second time the Willy Hess Quartet Party in an attractive programme, commencing with Schubert's Quartet in G Major, Op. 161. Schumann's "Humoreske," Op. 20, for pianoforte, and the "Fantasia Appassionata" of Vieuxtemps, for violin, were the instrumental solos, and Beethoven's B-flat Quartet, Op. 18, was also included. Miss Ethel Henry-Bird and Mr. Lawrence Rea were the vocalists of the occasion.



THE COUNTESS OF MAR AND KELLIE,  
ONE OF LORD SHAFTESBURY'S FIVE BEAUTIFUL SISTERS.  
*From a Painting by Ellis Roberts.*

The death of the Chevalier Emil Bach, the well-known Professor, is announced. He was, I believe, descended from the celebrated Bach family and much esteemed at the Guildhall School of Music. He was a brilliant pianist and an opera of his was produced a few years ago at Covent Garden.



THE COUNTESS OF STRADBROKE.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.*



*The New Marquis  
of Dufferin and  
Ava.*

Lord Clandeboye, who succeeds to the Marquisate and honoured name of Dufferin, is a slight man of medium height. He is well-read, and, in addition, athletic, and can manipulate his Humber with the best through the mazes of Metropolitan traffic. He has found time in his Diplomatic career to cultivate artistic tastes, and



CLANDEBOYE, CO. DOWN, THE RESIDENCE OF THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA: VIEW ACROSS DUFFERIN LAKE.

Copyright Photograph by Hogg, Belfast.

the house which shortly after his marriage he acquired in Cadogan Square, for long the residence of the late Sir George Bowen, bears evidence of originality as well as of refinement. It is done up in Empire style, and contains many treasures from all parts of the world, not a few of them having been collected by his eminent father in India and elsewhere. He owes much to his wife, who is an American and possesses in no small degree the charm and vivacity of her countrywomen. The new Lady Dufferin is pretty and, though anything but tall, will well sustain her dignity, and a coronet will look well on her luxuriant golden hair. Lady Terence Blackwood, as she was known for some years after her marriage, is an only daughter and has travelled a great deal, and what she has seen she remembers, which is not over-customary in these days of rush. By the untimely death of his elder brother, Lord Ava, who was killed in South Africa, Lord Terence became heir to his father, and took the Barony of Clandeboye for his title, instead of the Earldom of Ava. In doing so he followed the usage where a second son succeeds to the heirdom of an elder brother; but it is doubtful if, in his daughters' interests, he was well advised in this. For, had he died during the life of his father, leaving no son, but only the daughters which he has, these daughters would never have borne more than the prefix of "Honourable," the courtesy designation of the children of Barons and Viscounts; whereas, as daughters of the Earl of Ava, they would always have been entitled to the prefix of "Lady."

It is a curious fact, and one that presses hardly on some orphans, that, if a girl has a brother who succeeds, as in the case of Lord Vaux of Harrowden and his sisters, she gets the same rank as if her late father had lived to succeed; but, if she has no brother, she gets nothing, though her father

would have succeeded had he lived. For instance, the only daughter of the late Lord Dupplin, who died in the lifetime of his father, the then Earl of Kinnoull, is known as the Hon. Marie Hay, but, if her father had lived or had left a son to take up his heirship, Miss Hay would now be Lady Marie. Happily, Lord Clandeboye has lived to bear the name and fulfil the traditions of his house. And, doubtless, the training and varied experience of his life, aided by the influence and energy of his popular wife, will enable him to serve his country in a manner befitting the son of Dufferin and the great-grandchild of Sheridan.

*The German  
Emperor's New  
Yacht.*

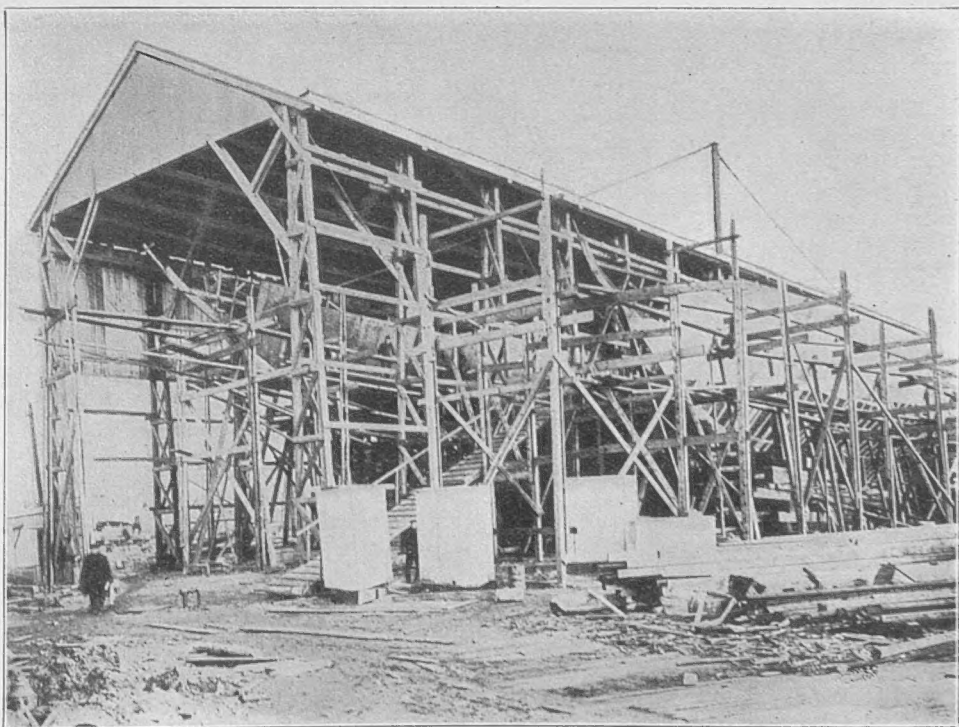
The German Emperor's new yacht is arousing quite an extraordinary amount of interest among those who love to go down to the sea in ships. The fact that it is being built in America is naturally considered a great compliment to the Transatlantic ship-building trade. It is said that the versatile Kaiser watched with breathless interest every movement of the "America" Cup struggle last summer, and he is firmly convinced that, from the yachting point of view, American yacht-builders stand easily first. It was suggested, no doubt in joke, that the new boat should be called the *Spread Eagle*, but the Imperial yacht will be known by the more modest name of *Meteor*. Prince Henry, the brother of the Emperor, who is, of course, a naval expert of the first rank, has been commissioned to see that every detail of the new boat is exactly what it should be.

*Christian Science  
at a Discount.*

The adherents of the much-talked-of creed of "Eddyism," or Christian Science, are very much at a discount in Germany (writes my Berlin Correspondent). Not only does His Majesty the German Emperor strongly disapprove of their tenets, but he has even gone so far as to consult the Chief Commissioner of Police in Berlin as to what steps can be taken to put an end to their meetings in Berlin. Herr von Windheim's answer was eminently practical; he advised that they should be totally ignored, and expressed his opinion that, if active steps were taken to summarily prohibit their séances, they would be wrongly viewed as martyrs and the creed would be thus indirectly advertised to the world at large. The Kaiser has, according to popular rumour, forbidden the appearance of any Eddyites at Court; this will have a very salutary effect upon all the fashionable followers of the strange belief.

I understand that the German followers of Mrs. Eddy have had a violent quarrel with the original promoter of the "Science." Apparently Mrs. Eddy forbade her book to be translated into German; this has, however, I am told, been done, despite Mrs. Eddy's commands. Christian Science has met on all hands with the strongest condemnation, from the German Press as well as at Court; so, altogether, Germany does not seem to be a very fortunate hunting-ground for the fervent admirers of this wondrous creed.

*Winter in February.* The lakes near Potsdam are all frozen over; the extensive woods of the favourite Grönwald are four or five inches deep in snow, and sleighing is now the most popular pastime of all. This week no fewer than thirty sleighs, each with a pair of horses, were to be seen careering to the musical jingling



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S NEW YACHT BEING CONSTRUCTED AT SHOOTER'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

Photograph by Gribayedoff, Paris.



of bells along the snow-covered road between Berlin and Potsdam; jolly parties of fur-clad ladies and gentlemen were making the most of the long spell of cold weather and were driving over to Wannsee to look on at the parties of skaters on the lake.

I saw, amongst other notabilities, Prince Frederick Leopold with his splendid pair of horses driving rapidly from his Castle at Klein Glienicke to the pretty little town of Potsdam. The distance from his Castle to the station takes the ordinary cab a full half-hour to cover; His Royal Highness's horses, however, get over the distance in seven minutes, and if the coachman takes longer he learns the reason why very quickly. Her Royal Highness Princess Frederick Leopold, with her little daughter and her two sons, were to be seen skating on the beautiful lake opposite the Marble Palace. A pretty, happy group they made, too. Her Royal Highness, daintily dressed in an exquisitely fitting mauve dress, skated gracefully up and down with her two little boys, Prince Fritz and his younger brother, Prince Fritz Karl, each dressed in English covert-coats and knickerbockers; while their sister, who is now thirteen and a big girl for her age, skated along easily and prettily, forming a charming picture in her light-blue frock and *chic* Tam-o'-Shanter cap. The whole family speak English remarkably well, Her Royal Highness very fluently and with no trace of German accent.

Madame Yvette Guilbert was the guest of the German Press Club in Berlin the other night (adds my Berlin Correspondent). Some two hundred members had assembled in the spacious rooms, and, after an excellent dinner, were privileged to hear four or five excellent recitations given in the most marvellously realistic manner by the celebrated Yvette. The assembly did not break up till long past midnight, and all went home perfectly entranced with Madame Guilbert's wonderful powers.

All the German papers have been attempting to rouse enthusiasm about the departure of the Prince for America. It must be allowed that the enthusiasm is of a very milk-and-watery nature, on the whole. The fact is, no one cares in the very least about the visit in question. As for the reports of the send-off, they are of the very feeblest. Lengthy, long-winded, dry-as-dust accounts of the vessel in which Prince Henry departed, uninteresting accounts of Bremen and Bremerhaven, have followed one upon the other, and, now that His Royal Highness has really gone, a sigh of relief goes up from the hearts of the readers. The German nation always finds it difficult to enthuse about anything, but on this occasion it found it harder than ever. The send-off was of the very mildest imaginable, and the reporters complain that they might just as well have remained at home. Prince Henry will notice the difference when he arrives at New York; our cousins do not do things half-heartedly. His Royal Highness had no sooner left German soil than he began to go into ecstasies over his keen anticipation of the visit.

#### *German Plays at St. George's Hall.*

At St. George's Hall, last week, the audience passed from grave to gay with great rapidity, for the programme was composed of Goethe's "Clavigo" and "Der Zerbrochene Krug," by Heinrich von Kleist; the former, as will be remembered, a five-act tragedy, and the latter the lightest of farces. In the necessarily somewhat monotonous part of the unhappy Marie Beaumarchais, Elsa Gademann showed great pathos, and Max Eissfeldt gave a fairly good rendering of the weakling Clavigo, although he had a tendency to repeat too often the same gestures. Hans Andresen effectually emphasised the stern dignity of Marie's avenger. "Der Zerbrochene Krug" is once more a case of *cherchez la femme*. Under circumstances which would not exactly redound to his credit, a village magistrate has had the misfortune to break a jug belonging to an old peasant woman, the mother of a particularly

charming daughter, and when the case comes to be heard he most ingeniously endeavours to lay the blame on another person. The dialogue is bright and was considerably helped by Max Behrend's acting as the magistrate, which evoked much laughter.

#### *A Scottish English Duchess.*

Even the English wearers of the strawberry-leaves are fond of going to Scotland for their wives, and the Duchess of Somerset is one of the many Duchesses who will represent "Bonny Scotland" at the Coronation. Now that there is no Duchess of Norfolk, her Grace of Somerset ranks above every feminine subject of the King; but she is exceedingly modest, and, in spite of her many accomplishments, has never taken a very prominent place in fashionable Society. The Duchess is a very good shot and has often accompanied her husband on important sporting expeditions. She became a devotee of the wheel long before cycling became a passing craze in the smart set. She has often contributed to the magazines, and her account of the Dart contains the best modern description of the beautiful river known locally as "The British Rhine."



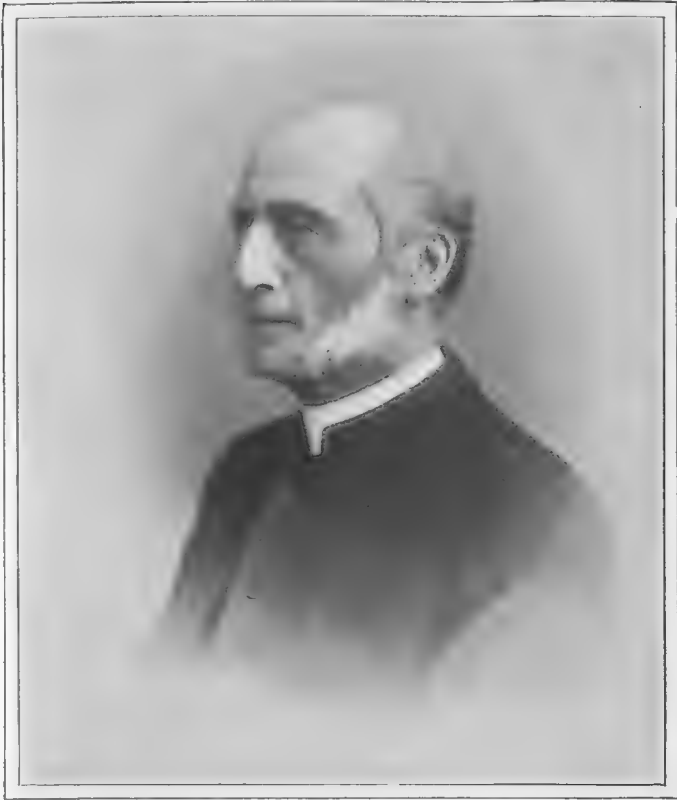
THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET, WHO WILL BE ONE OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF SCOTLAND AT THE CORONATION.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

eighty-fourth anniversary of his birth—which occurred at Richmond House, Whitehall Gardens—is the oldest Duke, and one of the oldest members, if not the senior Peer, of the House of Lords. He holds no fewer than four Dukedoms—Richmond, in the Peerage of Great Britain, with the Earldom of March and Settrington, created in 1675; Lennox, in the Peerage of Scotland, with the Earldom of Darnley and Barony of Tarbolton, 1675; Gordon, with the Earldom of Kinrara, in the Peerage of Great Britain, 1871; and d'Aubigny, in the Peerage of France (confirmed 1816). The Duke of Richmond entered the Army sixty-three years ago, and for ten years (1842-52) he was Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Wellington. For twenty years he represented West Sussex, and in 1860 he succeeded his father. The Duke has kindly granted the use of Gordon Castle, his Scottish seat, for a bazaar to be held in the autumn, and Lady Gordon-Lennox and other members of the ducal family are already interesting themselves in the matter.



*The late Dr. Newman Hall.* Dr. Christopher Newman Hall, who passed away at his residence, Vine House, Hampstead, on Tuesday last week, in his eighty-sixth year, was a preacher whose name deserves to be coupled with that of the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon, for it is not too much to say that at one



THE LATE DR. CHRISTOPHER NEWMAN HALL.

*Photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham.*

time few Nonconformists paid a visit to London from the provinces, or even from the United States and the Colonies, without making a point of hearing these two famous preachers. The son of a Maidstone newspaper proprietor, Newman Hall as a very young man acted as an occasional reporter for his father's paper, but at the age of twenty-six became Pastor of the Albion Congregational Chapel, at Hull. Twelve years later—in 1854—he was appointed to the pastorate of the old Surrey Chapel in the Blackfriars Road, and, when its lease expired, the handsome Christ Church, in Westminster Bridge Road, was built for him by subscription. Here, till his retirement in 1892, he drew enormous congregations.

Newman Hall was almost as popular in the United States as at home, his advocacy of the cause of the North having made his name one to conjure with. He visited America twice, and on the second occasion was requested to open Congress with prayer and to preach before the Senate and the Legislature. Notwithstanding his great age, he was ever ready to deliver the message of his life, and his death, after a comparatively short illness, from bronchitis complicated by a slight paralytic stroke, removes an eloquent and powerful preacher whose loss will be widely and deeply regretted.

*The late Sir William Leng.* The late Sir William Christopher Leng, who last month had entered his seventy-eighth year, owed a good measure of his success in journalism to the example and stimulus of his younger brother, Sir John Leng, M.P. After completing a term of apprenticeship with a chemist in Hull, Sir William began business on his own account in that town in 1847, devoting his spare time to writing articles on local and political questions for the *Hull Free Press*. When Sir John Leng went to Dundee in 1851 as Editor of the *Advertiser*, his brother became a regular contributor, and the patriotic and vigorous character of his articles during the Crimean War attracted considerable attention. After repeated solicitations from his brother to join him, Sir William relinquished his calling in Hull, and went to Dundee, remaining on the staff of the *Advertiser* till 1864, in which year he became part-proprietor of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*. In the great industrial town of Sheffield, Sir William Leng was long recognised as one of its strongest personalities, and he was assuredly one of the most influential Pressmen in the provinces. In recognition of many public services—not the least of which was that of directing, by leading articles in his paper, the attention of Samuel Plimsoll to the overloading of vessels—he received, on the recommendation of Lord Salisbury, the honour of Knighthood in 1887.

*Fifty Pounds for a Box.* Fifty pounds for a box may, at first, appear excessive; but, nevertheless, this is the sum which

Mr. Maurice Grau charged his New York patrons on the occasion of the Gala Performance in honour of Prince Henry of Prussia's visit to the Opera House on the 25th inst.

Elaborate preparations were made for the decoration of the house, which, it is estimated, cost between three and four thousand pounds. Florida Smilax and American Beauty roses, in the main, composed the scheme of decoration, and a well-known architect superintended the whole of the arrangements. Five boxes in the centre of the parterre were converted into the Royal Box, which was decorated entirely with American Beauty roses, as the flower is regarded as having a distinctly national character. The German flag was much *en évidence* and there was a profusion of electric-lights.

*"Florodora" on Tour.*

"Florodora" found its way last week to the Duchess Theatre, at Balham, where the bright and tuneful music, now so well known throughout London, was heard to advantage in the pretty little suburban house. The songs "He Loves Me" and "Silver Star of Love," by Miss Amy Augarde, and "I've an Inkling" and "Tact," by Miss Simeta Marsden, were well rendered and received their due meed of appreciation, as did also the song "I Want to be a Military Man," by Mr. Victor Seymour, and the chorus of "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," all of which proved as captivating as when first produced, whilst the diverting drolleries of Professor Tweedlepunch were as humorous and mirth-provoking as ever. The reception accorded by the audiences to Mr. Tom Davis's Company attested to the continued popularity and attractiveness of the play.

*The Man and the Memorial.*

Mr. Thomas Brock, although the most modest of men, is certain to carry out admirably the nation's wish in regard to the Victoria Memorial. His first important piece of work was completing the O'Connell Monument in Dublin. Here he followed in the footsteps of his great master, John Foley. Mr. Brock's work attracted the attention of Queen Victoria, and it is said to have been by Her Majesty's wish that he was one of those Royal Academicians who submitted designs for the new coinage of 1891. It is rather interesting to note that the sculptor had no sittings from his Royal subject, but prepared his specimen-portraits from the ordinary Royal photographs offered for sale. Mr. Brock possesses what is, perhaps, the artist's greatest gift, that of catching a likeness with scarce any difficulty. Up to the present time his most popular achievement has been the beautiful Leighton Memorial in



MR. THOMAS BROCK, R.A., SCULPTOR OF THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL.

*Photograph by Ernest H. Mills.*

St. Paul's. To him also was entrusted the memorial to the late Archbishop Benson in Canterbury Cathedral.

*How the Sculptor Works.*

Mr. Brock, like most successful men, is a tremendously hard worker. He is as careful in all the preliminaries of his work as he is over the finishing touches, and his sketches are marvellously good. Though so hard-working, he has yet found time to be an enthusiastic Volunteer; he has been connected with the Force for over thirty years, twelve of which he served as an officer in the Artists' Corps.



*Dianas of the Minute.*

Perhaps, ere the twentieth century has closed there will be as many lady Masters of Hounds as there are now "M.F.H.'s" belonging to the sterner sex. Even as it is, there are quite a number of Dianas in the field, and of these one of the best-known and most popular, not only in her own part of the world, but all over sporting England, is Mrs. Cheape, who has hunted the Bentley Harriers for the last ten years. The "Squire," as she is affectionately known far and near, can show the best of sport in three counties—Worcestershire, Warwickshire, and Gloucestershire—though her hounds are often invited to make a dip into the old Berkshire country, and there they are sure of an enthusiastic welcome. Mrs. Cheape takes her duties very seriously and could give points to many sportsmen who think they know all about everything connected with horses and dogs. She has shown practical interest in all that concerns her four-footed friends, and her harriers in the last five years have taken a dozen first-prizes.

*The Diana of Wales.*

Mrs. Pryse-Rice might well claim the proud title of the Diana of Wales. Her harriers are entered to both fox and hare, and of late she has found it wiser to have a larger and heavier hound, as probably no pack in the three kingdoms hunts such difficult country or travels such long distances. Mrs. Pryse-Rice has done very well at Shows. Two years ago, one of her favourite dogs, Villager, won the Champion Cup for foxhounds, and she concerns herself in a very practical way with the welfare of her hounds.

*"Little Lord Fauntleroy."*

The play reminds one of a famous controversy and a painful tragedy, of a sharp competition and quick downfall, and of some remarkable acting. In fact, there were some brilliant performances in both the versions, but no cast has been better than that of the Avenue Theatre. One hardly wishes to compare the performers in the chief part. Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Vera Beringer, and Master Vyvian Thomas have given notable work, and certainly the young gentleman, latest of all, plays admirably, so perhaps it is mere prejudice that causes some of us to swear by Miss Vera Beringer as the most charming. Probably there is unanimity concerning the "Dearest" of Miss Marion Terry,



MASTER VYVIAN THOMAS AS "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

Photograph by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

because one cannot imagine work of greater charm and skill than that of the actress whose frequent abstinence from the stage is really grievous to playgoers. Of course, Miss Kate Phillips pleased the audience as Marie. Mr. Will Dennis, the Earl, was really excellent, and Mr. Arthur Williams very amusing.

*Field-Marshal Sir Neville Chamberlain.*

In the obituary notices of the late Field-Marshal Sir Neville Chamberlain there has been little reference to the extraordinary Service records of his immediate family. Sir Neville's father, the late Sir Henry Chamberlain, Bart., Consul-General and Chargé d'Affaires to the Court of Brazil, had six sons, all of whom served



MISS LILY GRUNDY AS LUCY LORIMER IN "A PAIR OF SPECTACLES," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

their Sovereign with distinction. The eldest son, Sir Henry, the second Baronet, was in the Royal Artillery; the second was Admiral Chamberlain, Admiral-Superintendent of the Devonport Dockyard; then came Sir Neville himself, a full General and Field-Marshal, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces at Madras, Grand Cross of the Bath and of the Star of India; then came two brothers who were both Generals, one of them a Companion of the Star of India, the other, General Thomas Hardy Chamberlain, Chief Magistrate at Lucknow. The youngest son of this warlike band was Colonel Charles Chamberlain, a Companion of the Bath, of the Bombay Staff Corps. Consequently, of Sir Henry's six sons, three were Generals (one of them a Field-Marshal), one an Admiral, one a Colonel, and another a Captain. And yet they call us a nation of shopkeepers!

*Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy.*

The Hon. Mrs. Kennedy, Lord Bangor's third daughter, who married Mr. Robert Kennedy of Cultra, County Down, C.M.G., has lately had much anxiety in the illness of her distinguished husband. With the outlook of politics abroad, which may at any moment summon our best Diplomatic resources, we can ill afford that any of our younger Diplomats should be laid aside. Mr. Kennedy's career has been one of continual activity. In spite of his own beautiful place, inherited from his father, who was a cadet of the Ailsa family, and a charming wife, from whom, professionally, he was frequently separated, he has passed a considerable portion of his life an exile in the service of his country. Educated at the University of Oxford, where he duly took his Master's degree, he entered the Diplomatic service in 1874. For some years he was Secretary of Legation at Teheran, and subsequently has been His Majesty's representative in Montenegro. He is at present in Dublin, where he has undergone two operations and is lying much weakened by suffering. Mr. Kennedy is a cousin of his wife's, his mother having been a daughter of Lady Matilda Ward, daughter of the first Marquis of Londonderry. The past autumn was spent by Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy at Portaferry, General Andrew Nugent's beautiful place on Strangford Lough, and just opposite Lord Bangor's well-known place, Castle Ward. The family name of the Nugents of Portaferry was Savage, which gave an opening for one of his customary *jeux d'esprit* to that forensic wit and learned Lord Chancellor, the first Lord Norbury. On hearing of the change of name, his Lordship exclaimed, "Gad! I would rather be an ancient Savage than a New gent."



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*Father Hyacinthe's Son.*

In the Rue de Maubeuge, the other morning, I met the famous Père Hyacinthe Loyson (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). He carried his years lightly, and, but for the fact that he wore spectacles, one might have knocked off the ten years that had passed since our last meeting. He explained to me that he had for a few days left his beloved Geneva, where he intends to spend the sunset of his days, in order to see the play of his son, "L'Evangile du Sang," at the Nouveau Theatre, on the first-night. This play is of an intensely tragic description, and is levelled equally against the English in the Transvaal and the Americans in Cuba. A wife comes, under the white flag, to plead with her husband for peace; but he, through a mistaken sense of duty, refuses to listen to her and sends her sorrowing away. Then comes the most thrilling scene, for, on her way back, she is killed by the first volley fired from the cannon of her husband's army.

*The Tragic Telephone.*

I described in these columns some time ago "Au Téléphone," at Antoine's, which I see that Mr. Beerbohm Tree is to produce in London. Since then, the telephone has advanced as the most tragic instrument on record. Some would-be murderers in the Département of the Var connected a battery with the wire, and the mere contact with the receivers would have killed their victim in an instant. Now, from the Département of Vienne comes the story of a jilted lover who rang up his lady-love and simply remarked, "Listen how a lover can die," and the explosion of a revolver and the thud of a corpse passed over the wires.

*Rigo Redivivus.*

When I saw that the members of the Jockey Club and the Cercle des Capucines had turned out in force at the Folies-Bergères, I guessed the reception that would be accorded to Rigo. The Prince de Caraman-Chimay was one of the most popular members, and the somewhat peculiar conduct of his ex-wife need hardly be insisted upon. Rigo came on to the stage, bowed, smiled as though he were welcoming intimate friends, and twisted his moustache. Before his little display was over, he apparently grasped the fact that there was a lack of harmony between the guitar and cat-calls down door-keys.

*Joys of Commerce.*

In view of the approaching elections in May, the Buonapartist ladies decided to cut down their household expenses, and also those with their *couturière*, and devote the money saved to the "good cause." The Royalists followed, and Madame Millerand, the wife of the Socialist Minister—and probably the best-dressed wife of any Minister—rallied her forces. To-day every unfortunate tradesman has to tell three lies a-day. He has, on the pain of losing the patronage of one or other of the parties, to

swear that he considers such or such a party as the saviours of France and means to stop up all night so as to be first at the poll. And this goes on all day long throughout France.

*A Strange Play.* François de Curel is a wealthy man, and indifferent to the gallery. He never sought popularity except among the highly educated classes. Antoine is the most prosperous Manager in Paris, and can afford to pay himself the



MISS ISABEL JAY,

THE POPULAR LEADING LADY AT THE SAVOY, WHO HAS RELINQUISHED HER PART IN THE NEW OPERA, "MERRIE ENGLAND," ON ACCOUNT OF HER FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

luxury of a foregone but artistic failure. "La Fille Sauvage" is an example. The girl in question is brought to France by an explorer under the impression that she is a sort of missing-link. She is educated in a Catholic school and becomes a sympathetic woman. But the instinct of savagery remains in the body, and she returns to her native land more savage than ever. I would respectfully suggest to M. de Curel that he is illogical. In her own land, she is believed to be a wild beast and given away as such. Then, how, except for stage purposes, can she revert to a religion that she has never heard of? The idea was good for a magnificent farce, but for a philosophical study—No!

*Red Tape.*

Recently I had to make some trivial settlement with the Customs authorities for goods sent from England. Judge of my surprise when I received the other morning a bill as long as a day without food, sealed, stamped, and signed in all directions, notifying me that I had paid one centime too much. One centime—the tenth of a penny!

*The late Lord Dufferin.*

I remember Lord and Lady Dufferin as the most courteous hosts that have ever represented England in France. There was a wide difference between his Lordship and Lord Lyons, and yet in some way they resembled one another. They looked after the noisy crowd of English that wander into trouble in Lutetia with a paternal eye, and went in their broughams to put the most silken appearance on any little delinquency. Lord Lyons, when he had got his man clear, would express himself in the language of a sailor, as he was, to the scape-goat. Lord Dufferin, on the other hand, preached a kindly and fatherly homily. Apropos of something that I cannot for the moment recall, he said, "Ah! I'm a poor man, a very poor man!" and, after a pause, "What a lot I could do if I were rich!" He was a man indeed well-beloved by the English Colony, and he was Bismarckian in his methods of defending the late Queen from the foul Gutter Press.



MISS AGNES FRASER,

WHO WILL PLAY THE LEAD IN THE NEW SAVOY OPERA, "MERRIE ENGLAND."

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.





## MY WEEK-END—WITH A CASUAL MAN.

### I.

HAVE you ever, my dear Dollie, come across one of those exasperating people who go through life priding themselves on the fact that they allow things to take care of themselves? They allude to this slovenly attitude of mind, I believe, as the state of being casual. Some of them go so far as to term themselves practical philosophers. A greater mistake, of course, it would be impossible to make. For where, I ask, is the philosophy in sacrificing a day's pleasure because you are too lazy to catch a train? And why should a man ask to be heartily congratulated on the fact that he has not sufficient gumption to remove his walking-stick from the rack when he gets out of the train?

Mind you, it isn't as though these casual people were occupied with overwhelming business cares or absorbed in an earnest contemplation of the things that matter. As a rule, their minds are a perfect blank, or, if they take the trouble to think about anything, they find that their powers of reflection have become so rusty from disuse and their views of life so warped from continual self-deception that the result of their unwonted mental exercise is to leave them in a hopelessly fatigued and distressed condition.

Thank you. Now that I have been allowed to give vent to these extraordinarily scathing remarks, I am in a fitter mood to deal justly, and even leniently, with a friend of mine who invited me to spend a week-end with him in the country.

We arranged it in the Club. "I know the very place," he said. "It's a comfortable, old-fashioned inn, standing on the side of a hill and overlooking a valley. The landlord was originally a butler in a nobleman's house, and his wife the cook. In spite of their training, however, they are sweet, lovable creatures who scorn money and whose one desire is to make you comfortable."

"Capital!" I exclaimed. "But how is it that this Utopian retreat has not long ago been discovered and overrun by other—that is to say, ordinary—week-end bounders?"

"I don't know," he replied. "Perhaps it is too far from town—forty miles. Anyhow, I'll meet you here on Saturday and we'll go to



the station together. I believe there's a train about half-past two. You won't need a high collar, and your clothes should be nice and mellow."

The prospect was delightful. I could see that old inn, nestling

back into its snug niche on the side of the hill and peacefully surveying the broad landscape below. It was a homely place, of course, but roomy and picturesque, with great old fire-places, blazing log-fires, prime joints of beef, flagons of old ale, and a special barrel, perhaps, of selected and matured whisky. I saw myself, on Sunday morning, turning out to a brisk two-mile walk and returning to the mid-day meal with brightened eye, glowing cheek, and the appetite of a hunter. Aha! It was going to be a splendid time.

That was how I saw it, and I was still seeing it like that as I waited for my friend in the Club on Saturday. As the hands of the clock crept round, however, I began to grow apprehensive, and, finally, thinking that he might have been delayed and so gone straight to the station, I drove thither. He was not there, however, and all that I could do was to rush up and down outside and meet every cab that drove into the yard. I met a thousand cabs and he was not in any of them, but he climbed deliberately out of the thousand-and-first with a bland smile and a languid nod of welcome.

Very well, then. The first thing about him that struck me as being a little odd was his costume. He had on trousers—but a Norfolk jacket; wore a hat where one would have expected a cap; carried an enormous rug but was without an overcoat; and had stuffed his personal belongings into a knapsack instead of a bag.

"Well," I said, angrily, "it's a wonder I'm not still waiting for you at the Club!" I was annoyed with him, you see, for showing no surprise at seeing me at the station.

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, easily; "you knew this was the station."

"Well, but we arranged to meet at the Club!"

"I know. I telephoned to you there after you'd gone. Come along; let's get a train."

We got a train, after waiting forty minutes. When we were at length upon our way, my companion turned to me and said—

"Have you got much in your bag?"

"The usual things for the night," I answered, "and a few cigars and cigarettes."

"Right. We'll put them into my knapsack and leave your bag at the station."

"Why?"

"Because we've got to walk to the inn, and you won't want to carry a bag."

"But how far have we got to walk? You didn't tell me anything about walking."

"Didn't I? Oh!

it's about seven miles, I think, through lovely woods and fields."

"But there are three inches of snow on the ground," I expostulated, "and I've got thin boots on."

"Never mind. If your socks get wet you can dry them at the inn."

"But my ulster weighs about a hundredweight!"

"Does it? Well, you'll feel the benefit of it going back in the train to-morrow."

"You're hopeless!" I moaned.

"Don't say that," he replied, cheerfully blinking at me over his glasses.

Well, my dear Dollie, we started on the seven-mile walk, and walked until nightfall. By this time, my feet were wet through, my coat weighed a ton, and I was thoroughly exhausted. The wretch insisted on going by the fields instead of by the road, and this made matters ten times worse. As we ploughed along, the man amused himself by talking platitudes and switching at the hedges with his stick. Cockney!

At length, I declared that I could walk no longer and insisted that we should call in at the nearest house and get some tea.

"Right," he replied. "There's a house on the other side of that wood. We'll walk through the wood and be there in no time."

"But are you sure there's a house?" I asked, doubtfully.

"Nearly sure," said the ass. "Come on."

We plunged into the wood and stumbled on in silence until we came to a path.

"Which way now?" said I.

"Oh! we'll go this way," said he. "It's sure to lead somewhere. A path always does."

"But suppose that's the wrong way?" I argued, despair in my heart, snow in my boots, and a sinking sensation in my stomach.

"Then we'll try the other way," he rejoined.

"Fool!" I cried, bitterly. "You may as well admit at once that you're lost."

"Oh, no!" he replied, with a silly chuckle; "only gone before."

I hit at him savagely, missed, lost my balance, and fell heavily into a ditch full of snow and brambles.



(Next Week: "We Reach the Inn—and Leave it Again.")





MISS GRACE LANE AS THE HEROINE OF "FROCKS AND FRILLS," AT THE HAYMARKET.

*Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*



## BATTLESHIPS AND DESTROYERS.

*THEY PLAY THE PART OF THE LION AND THE JACKAL WHEN AT SEA.*

**D**URING the past year or two, methods of using torpedo-boat-destroyers have been hit upon which have added considerably to the war-value of these speedy little craft. It is now an accepted maxim that in time of war a destroyer would be attached

up, and by this coal and other necessities are swung aboard the destroyer. Much dexterity is required to perform such work as this in a sea-way with both ships on the move; but frequent practice has made our Tars adept at it.

Destroyers are frequently convoyed to far-distant stations in this way, and they are also kept at sea for a long time with the fleets. In fact, the battleship acts the part of provider and protector to her tiny companion. When it wants stores, she supplies them; when the weather is rough, she takes it under her lee and gives it shelter. In return for all this, the destroyer can act as a swift-heeled messenger or an "eye" by day, and by night as a watch-dog, to warn the battleship of impending dangers, especially against the approach of any hostile torpedo-craft. J. J. BENNETT.



BATTLE SQUADRON FORMING FOR ACTION (ENEMY SEEN IN REAR).

to each battleship, to act as a scout by day and a sentinel by night. Much of the credit for proving the value of the destroyer as an adjunct to the individual battleship rests with Lord Charles Beresford. During his period as Second-in-Command of our Mediterranean Fleet, which has just terminated, Lord Charles Beresford was continually engaged in some kind or other of experimental work. The handling of destroyers was an important feature of this. One of his devices for making effective use of these against an enemy furnished what was, perhaps, the most magnificent spectacle seen in the manœuvres carried out between the Channel and Mediterranean Fleets last autumn.

The resourceful Admiral took his battle-fleet into action steaming in line ahead. At a given signal, the battleships turned slightly inward, and round the bows of each rushed a destroyer, which bore down at full speed upon the enemy, torpedoed him, then tore back to the friendly shelter of the battleship again. So skilfully was the manœuvre executed that the destroyers had done their work and reached safety again before the surprised enemy could get guns to bear upon them. He had not suspected that one of these dangerous little craft lurked under the lee of each big ship that was showing its teeth at him.

Now, however, it is a recognised rule of naval warfare, as the British Navy would conduct it, that battleships and destroyers should be found together in a sort of lion and jackal fashion. To that end, a torpedo-boat-destroyer has been told off to each battleship in our two principal fleets. A destroyer is a warship in tabloid form. As much fighting strength as possible is condensed into a very small compass. The engine-power of a cruiser is crammed into the hull of a steam-launch. Since the melancholy disaster which deprived the British Navy of its last turbine-propelled vessel, a good deal has been said about the fragility of destroyers. But if you squeeze a full-grown man into a boy's jacket, some of the buttons are bound to give way sooner or later; and when a destroyer is forced, there is always the risk of a breakdown. Yet these powerful little vessels show a good deal of toughness, upon the whole. We are always made acquainted with their failures; their successes, somehow, do not get chronicled. Owing to limited bunker-space, the sea-keeping qualities of the destroyer are not great. But the "Handy Man" has found a way of overcoming this drawback. Whilst at sea, the destroyer is coaled and provisioned from its parent ship—that, too, without either vessel coming to a stand still. The big ship makes the smaller one fast alongside her. A derrick is rigged

so that she is even now chaperoning her young and beautiful step-daughter, Lady Mabel Annesley.

## A POPULAR IRISH PEERESS.

The Countess of Limerick, who was before her marriage Miss Burke Irwin, a daughter of one of the best-known and most ancient of Irish county families, is equally popular in Dublin, in London, and in the hunting field. Though very feminine in appearance, she is a keen sportswoman, and before her marriage she and her sister were the Dianas of more than one famous pack. Lady Limerick is devoted to her beautiful home, Dromore Castle, but she often finds time to pay a flying visit to London, and she will probably be one of the most admired of the beautiful group of Irish Peeresses at the Coronation. Lady Limerick's children share her enthusiasm for the chase; this is specially true of her son, Lord Glentworth, although he is only seven years old.



DESTROYER COALING FROM ITS PARENT BATTLESHIP AT SEA.

Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.



BATTLESHIPS AND DESTROYERS.



DESTROYERS GOING INTO ACTION, MASKED BY BATTLESHIPS.



DESTROYERS TRYING TO TORPEDO BATTLESHIPS.

*Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.*



## "THE SKETCH" BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY THE COMPARATIVE CHILD.

### III.—AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

CHILDREN here! Children there! Children everywhere! That was the main impression that I carried out into the murky Strand with me after my visit to the Vaudeville. "Blue-bell in Fairyland" is a pretty title, but "Blue-bell in Children's-land" would better describe the state of affairs behind the scenes at the Vaudeville. There were children in the passages, children on the stairs, children in the wings—in fact, the little house, from this point of view, looked like a teeming, buzzing, happy playground. There used to be a sort of idea, in days of old, that children employed in the circus or on the stage were, of necessity, in the last stages of acute misery. I should dearly love to take some dear, old-fashioned person who still cherishes notions of this sort to the stage of the Vaudeville on any afternoon or evening of the week. Here are children of all sorts, sizes, and shapes: little children, big children; children with voices, children without voices; children who can mimic, children who can act, children who can dance; in short, every possible variation of the London child, and not one who is not supremely happy and intensely interested in the performance and success of the piece.

The first thing that I did after my arrival was to make my way—through crowds of children—to the stage, and here I met that naughty boy Blib, who was better known to me as Mr. Murray King. Mr. King is one of those fortunate men who are always cast for grinning parts—fortunate because it is nice to be able to grin at your work, and especially fortunate in Blib's case because he grins just as much off the stage as he does on it. Not far from Blib was Blob—a rather more sedate boy, but still a very entertaining one in the hands of Mr. Sidney Harcourt.

There was another boy, too, in the prompt corner—a ragged, cheerful, typical London urchin, who is known in the play as Dicky the Crossing-sweeper. Small need to tell the up-to-date playgoer that this boy is played by the mercurial Mr. Seymour Hicks, who, incidentally, wrote the book of "Blue-bell in Fairyland," staged it, rehearsed it, produced it, and did everything else to it except dash off the lyrics and compose the music. The writing of the lyrics he entrusted to Mr. Aubrey Hopwood, and the composition of the music to the melodious Mr. Walter Slaughter. Talking of Walter Slaughter, by the way, you may not know that this successful composer is as great a humorist, in his way, as Dan Leno. Well, perhaps that is a tall order, but he tells Dan Leno's stories with more humour and appreciation of their subtleties than anyone else I know—except the Pantomime King himself.

When the curtain fell, Mr. Hicks took me on to the middle of

the stage, and here I met Miss Florence Lloyd and Miss Margaret Fraser. I had already had several opportunities of exchanging bows and smiles with Miss Lloyd, for we had been crowding each other all the evening. Now, however, I had the additional opportunity of apologising for stepping on her dress, and of hearing her implore me, in dulcet tones, not to mention it. Miss Fraser and your servant, of course, were old friends long before.

I might have lingered long in the company of two such beautiful people, but for two reasons. The first of these was that they wanted to change their costumes, and the second that the scene-shifters wanted to shift the scene. We all crowded up the narrow staircase, therefore, and I accepted Mr. Hicks' invitation to have a look at his tiny dressing-room. Scarcely had we squeezed into this miniature apartment when Mr. Clark, the popular Acting-Manager, hurled through the doorway a bundle of autograph-books that had arrived by the last post and had to be signed by the youthful Author-Actor-Manager. When, ten minutes later, I went in search of Miss Ellaline Terriss, her devoted husband was still busily employed in writing his name on coloured, scented leaves for the benefit of fair admirers.

Miss Terriss, who occupies a larger apartment but one nearer the sky, also had her share of autograph-books and photographs awaiting signature; but a more generous tribute was a large bunch of honeysuckle that had been sent round the night before by someone who had been enchanted with her delightful rendering of "The Honeysuckle and the Bee." We had a quick, merry little chat, and then I went down to my favourite position in the prompt corner to hear the song myself.

Whilst I was waiting for it, I became surrounded by sparrows and linnets and other sorts of birds who had

assembled to take part in the solemn funeral of Cock Robin. There was no room for them to hop about behind the scenes, but they were all on tip-toe, nevertheless, and I saw not the slightest trace of stage-fright. The readiness and accuracy with which they took up their parts at the right moment in the choruses, heard "off," also struck me as being quite remarkable. Finally, when the funeral procession had passed out with the corpse of Cock Robin, Miss Ellaline Terriss sang, very sweetly and as daintily as is her wont, the song of the moment.

As I was leaving the theatre, I met a poor little dove, all in tears behind her beak. Stroking her feathers down, I asked her why she wept so, thinking that she might still be mourning her dead love.

"Do not grieve, little dove," I said, smoothing her ruffled plumage. "Boo-hoo!" sobbed the dove; "it isn't that. One of those beastly bull-frogs has been pinching me!"



"THE SKETCH" BEHIND THE SCENES: MISS MARGARET FRASER IN HER DRESSING-ROOM AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



A MAN OF MANY PARTS.

HOW MR. WALTER CHURCHER, THE WELL-KNOWN ENTERTAINER, MEETS—



DE WET.  
*"Lost him again!"*



MR. MASKELYNE.  
*"How the — ? Well!"*



SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.  
*"Mind! You'll fall off the fence."*



THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR.



MISS EDNA MAY.



MR. SOUSA.



ARTHUR ROBERTS.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.



ALBERT CHEVALIER.

*Photographs by Arthur Weston, 16 and 17, Poultry, E.C.*



## MELBURY ROAD: THE ARTISTS' "PARK LANE."



MR. LUKE FILDES' HOUSE.



MR. MARCUS STONE'S HOUSE.

IN these stressful days of flats and jerry-builders, it is becoming more and more difficult to live in London and enjoy the peaceful surroundings of *rus in urbe*. Hampstead is being slowly shorn of many of its delightful attractions by the incursion of railways and villas; St. John's Wood, once the most charming of northern suburbs, is fast losing its popularity; Chelsea will never improve. Yet, on looking round with a discriminating eye, the solace-seeker may occasionally descry a sheltered, rural nook—a street fringed with tall, uneven foliage, and flanked with beautiful, stately mansions.

Melbury Road, Kensington, is one such. There are only fourteen residences in this rigidly select thoroughfare, which may not inaptly be called the "Park Lane" of the artistic brotherhood. Here dwell four Royal Academicians and as many Associates, a Judge, a distinguished "K.C.," a great connoisseur, and a Glasgow painter of renown.

The south side is, perhaps, more exclusively devoted to Art than the north, for Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Marcus Stone, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, and Mr. Colin Hunter all live shoulder to shoulder under its spreading elms. The famous sculptor, brother of the equally well-known naval engineer, owns the corner house, No. 2A—an ornate, roomy dwelling where most of the national statues which this "R.A." has carved have been fashioned. A little farther up the hill is the splendid mansion and studio of Mr. Watts, with its little side-entrance through which visitors flock on a Sunday afternoon to inspect the treasures within. A smaller and prettier house is that of Mr. Marcus Stone, at No. 8. Creepers and ivy chase each

other over the casements, and trees hang their loaded boughs in the front almost to the ground. Behind these creeper-laden walls are capacious, old-fashioned rooms, including a library and billiard-room—for Mr. Stone is an omnivorous reader of books and something of an expert with the cue. Mr. Stone has exhibited in forty-two consecutive Academies, rarely elsewhere, and the greater portion of these exhibits were brought to completion in Melbury Road.

The first house on the north side is occupied by that progressive Liberal politician and sound lawyer, Mr. Lawson Walton, K.C., M.P., who is strongly addicted to golf and frequently does a little promiscuous putting on his lawn. Two doors off resides another legal luminary, but of a slightly superior grade. Mr. Justice Buckley, one of His Majesty's most recent Judges, is invariably at home at No. 7 on Sunday afternoon. There is no need to number Mr. Luke Fildes' house, if you are so fortunate as to be one of his correspondents, but nominally it is No. 11. Here the great artist painted the immortal "Doctor," improvising a cottage in the garden at the back of his studio as a model, and here he is at the present time engaged upon a portrait of the King, which, rumour says, will figure in this year's Academy. His Majesty, who is a delightful sitter, chatting freely with the artist, has upon several occasions visited Mr. Fildes in Melbury Road, coming and going with the unostentatious quietude of a private citizen. Mr. Arthur Melville, an "A.R.S.A.," is next-door to Mr. Fildes. Like his neighbours, he golfs assiduously, and also affects fencing as a recreation. Mr. Melville shares No. 13 with Mr. Graham Robertson.

A. W. M.



VIEW OF MELBURY ROAD, KENSINGTON.



MR. G. F. WATTS'S HOUSE.



MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT'S HOUSE.

Photographs by Robert A. Shield, Clapham Park.



DIANAS OF THE MINUTE.



Mrs. Cheape (The "Squire").  
MRS. CHEAPE AND THE BENTLEY HARRIERS.



Mrs. Pryse-Rice.  
MRS. PRYSE-RICE AND HER PACK OF HARRIERS.  
(SEE "SMALL TALK.")

*Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*





## IV.—THE ECCENTRIC.

ECCENTRICITY, so, tells me my worthy "Funk and Wagnall" of undying reputation, is the expression of that which is neither ordinary, common, nor regular; which being the case, I could find no better name than its founders have bestowed upon that hospitable institution whose doors have so often clanged behind my willing back. For, let me hasten to assure the uninitiated, there is nothing that is not uncommon, extraordinary, or irregular about the Club that stands next to the Café Monaco.

It is peculiar from the very beginning. You enter it by a staircase lined with the photographic presentments of the beaux and belles of the modern stage, and it is not until you have climbed to the first-floor that you encounter its Cerberus. Him pacified, you enter the Club itself. Hospitality receives you at once with open arms. A bar to right of you, dining-tables to left of you, pictures all round you—pictures that even Bacchus would have envied, and of which Venus herself might have been unashamed. Pictures of scanty-skirted ladies and well-dined men, of wine-cups and flowing hair, and all the other things that Mrs. Grundy asserts are neither common nor ordinary and are anything but regular. Pictures, too, of Eccentric members with swollen heads and little bodies, which, let me assure you, no more represent the true form of every member than they do the highest form of caricature, though in this case, like all things Eccentric, they are really very well meant.

But crowning this room stands the Eccentric clock—the outward and visible sign of true eccentricity. 'Tis a strange clock, bearing strained relations with Greenwich: a bald clock, denuded of all its figures save two—12 and 4. To the thoughtless, these figures may present some difficulty; to the thinker, none. They represent the Eccentric day. You and I begin our day by rising at seven, consume a haddock, a couple of eggs, half-a-pot of marmalade, and the *Times*, fly rapidly to the pursuit of our avocations, and retire eventually to rest when the last 'bus chooses to permit us. The Eccentric laughs at our conventionality. "Of what use," he cries, "these hours from seven to twelve, when men are in their worst moods, and women unapproachable? Why eat haddocks at eight when you can consume them with far more gusto at three? Why rise till twelve, or feed for the first time till two? And why, in Heaven's name, lose the hours of the early morn in sleep? Can you," he asks, "imagine Bacchus consuming porridge before a smoky, half-lit fire, or Venus sipping tea by the side of Jupiter, impatient to catch the celestial 'Tube'? Absurd!" And, holding these opinions very strongly, he lets his clock strike twelve and four alone, ignores all the other hours, and laughs in the face of the whole host of Greenwich observers. Happy Eccentric! I have almost been persuaded to embrace your creed, just as I have welcomed, when the day was young, your golden-brown haddock, topped by a poached-egg diadem, and washed down by a German beer that I am unpatriotic enough to appreciate.

Hospitality is the Eccentric Club, and Charity its other alias. I warrant the stranger that, if he accept all that be offered him within the Club's doors, he will find more difficulty in descending the entrance-stairs than in mounting them. He will eat, he will drink, and, if he be not careful, he will be very merry indeed. For your Eccentric is so gay and light-hearted a fellow that it takes a man of some mental substance to refuse him. Never should one accept an Eccentric invitation "to look in at the 'Ec.' Club for five minutes." Your Eccentric, as I have said, takes no account of time, and till "lights out" is sounded it will puzzle one to find out the hour. I have known a man go in at 8 p.m. to increase his appetite, and not satisfy it till 3 a.m.—and to this day he declares that he dined at 9.30! Which proves that truth lies within the bosom of Messrs. Funk and Wagnall.

But I have said that Charity is the Eccentric's other alias, and I am ready to back my opinion. Your Eccentric is not only a good fellow on the surface, but also at heart. He helps his fellow-member when he is down, and, if his purse permit him, goes outside with his good-nature. Few true appeals find him an unwilling listener. It does not require him to look upon the wine when it is red to empty his pockets in a good cause. And he is a great patron of the arts—more especially the dramatic. Your member of the Carlton may take his wife and daughter to the stalls of the Lyceum and compress his kid-gloved hands in generous approval, but your Eccentric goes

infinitely farther than this. He goes, with half-a-hundred fellow-members, to the Crown Theatre, Peckham, and rejoices the hearts of all the chorus-girls with chocolates and of the principals with bouquets. He roars with laughter over every joke, encores half the songs, and has been heard to join in the choruses. Patron of dramatic art? I should think so! What an example he sets Lord Salisbury and his brother-members of the Carlton, who might well visit the Imperial Theatre, Penge, in a body, and so encourage the noblest of all the professions with their political benediction! Shakspeare they may protect, but Shakspeare is gone and has not even yet saved his bacon. Let them eschew the dead and patronise the quick—the patriotic author who turns our nursery rhymes into drama and delights the hearts of that rising generation in whose hands lies the future of our Empire. (Loud and prolonged cheering, during which the writer resumed his subject.)

I may, I fear, have unwittingly given my readers (authors are invariably conceited) the false impression that the Eccentric Club boasts only one room. Such an impression would be both an insult to the Club and a reflection upon myself, its visitor. As a matter of fact, there are many Eccentric rooms—rooms in which they play billiards and cards, and rooms in which they sit and smoke and talk. But, somehow, though most Clubs have such rooms, none are quite like the rooms of the Eccentric. I know not whether it be the furniture or the walls—or the members—but there is a distinct and decided difference. And, then, there is one room which nearly all Clubs have, but which the Eccentrics have never dreamed of—a silent room. I could as easily imagine Mr. Kensit *vis-à-vis* with Canon Gore at a game of Ping-Pong as two Eccentrics sitting silent for five minutes in the same room. For Eccentrics always have views, jokes, and drinks to exchange. Eccentrics never eat or drink alone; indeed, so much do they love each other that once a year, like some huge family, they dine in a body at the Cecil, and I dare swear that the memory of that delightful night is seldom lost until the next comes round again.

The hour grows late as I write in my common, ordinary, and regular Club. The last Putney has rolled home, and the tinkle of the hansom-bells is the only sound to disturb my memories. I rise only to find myself hungry. I ring the bell. Kitchen closed. Sandwiches, nothing but sandwiches, to offer to an enfeebled digestion. What can I do? I know! Charlie will be at the Eccentric. Two minutes in a cab. Ten minutes more, and a haddock crowned with a golden egg lies before me. To my right is a glass of nut-brown à l'Allemande, and all around me are pictures to distract my thoughts.

Eccentricity, thy name is peace!



AN "ECCENTRIC."

Drawn by Lewis Baumer.





MISS ZENA DARE.

(SEE "THEATRICAL GOSSIP.")

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*





THE COUNTESS ANNESLEY AND HER CHILD.

(SEE PAGE 216.)

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*





THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK AND HER DAUGHTER.

(SEE PAGE 216.)

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*





MISS AGNES FRASER IN "IOLANTHE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*





## THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

### "HAUD IMMEMOR."

UNDER this title Mr. Charles Stewart has written an interesting and entertaining volume of reminiscences of legal and social life in Edinburgh and London during the latter half of the nineteenth century. In the preface to "Haud Immemor" (William Blackwood and Sons), its author explains that his book had its origin in his desire to contribute something, however slight, towards the preservation of the recollection of the old Scottish Judges of forty years ago—men not of past generations, but conspicuous and noteworthy figures who had come within his own personal knowledge and acquaintance. As he progressed with the work, he found that these recollections required some setting or framework to interpret his point of view, hence his portraits of the Scottish Bench have for their background the contemporaneous social life of the Scottish Capital. Himself once a member of the Scottish Bar, Mr. Stewart is now, and has been for years past, an English solicitor, and in the course of his life he has met a large number of persons of eminence and distinction in London as well as Edinburgh. Therefore, it occurred to him, naturally enough, to still further extend the scope of his book by including in it his recollections of personages of interest outside Edinburgh and "the Parliament House."

Mr. Charles Stewart belongs to the well-known family of the Stewarts of Appin. "A Stewart and a Highlander," he writes, "almost necessarily hails from Argyllshire, and it is in that beloved county, grandest in scenery and most romantic in history, that my family, some centuries back, found its home." In 1513, an ancestor, Alan, led the clan to Flodden Field, in support of his Royal kinsman, James IV. Mr. Stewart's grandfather, though but a child at the time, was present at Culloden. In fact, the Appin Stewarts have a history as full of romance as any in the Highlands. But it was not in the Highlands that Mr. Stewart spent his earlier years. Almost the first homes he can recollect were in Upper Seymour Street and in Wilton Crescent, in London. In his father and mother's circle moved such great figures as Disraeli, Macready, Thackeray, Dickens, Landseer, and Millais; before these there had been Count D'Orsay and Lady Blessington, Leigh Hunt, and a host of others. His own earliest memories are of London in 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition, and amongst the interesting people who frequented his father's house were Captain Marryat, Mr. Peter Borthwick (of the *Morning Post*), and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean. Our author says—

My father and mother believed in the theatre as an element in the education of children, and we were often taken to the play. . . . Macready, the Keans, Tyrone Power, Helen Faucit, Regnier, Madame Ristori, and the Wigans, as guests in my father's house, stand out clearly in my memory; and, in later days, the Kendals, the Batemans, and a few other agreeable friends, belong to the region of the present.

In 1855, Mr. Stewart went to Rugby, then under the Headmastership of Dr. Goulburn, the successor of Archbishop Tait, the predecessor of Archbishop Temple. Amongst the Assistant-Masters at the school at the time were Archbishop Benson, Dean Bradley, and Principal Shairp. In 1859, Mr. Stewart went to the University of Edinburgh, and he has a good deal to say about its Professors in those days, in whose number were John Stuart Blackie, Aytoun, and Lyon Playfair, and of the life of a College-student there. While he was attending lectures in the University, he also became acquainted as a law-student with the Parliament House of Edinburgh, which "has always been

the centre of Scottish history, or, at least, of such part of the history as was not enacted on the tented field."

In the middle of the last century (writes Mr. Stewart), the "Senators of the College of Justice," as the Judges of the High Court are officially called, still included many men of the older school. Legends of the barbarities of Braxfield and the coarse jocularities of Eskgrove, the giants and ogres of an earlier generation, were still rife in the Parliament House, though the men themselves, or those, at least, of the more antiquated type, had passed away. But refinement of speech and manner had not yet become universal, and these men were still connecting-links with the past, whose personality I well remember, and whose figures and demeanour and language I can vividly recollect upon the Bench.

Of what particular kidney some of these gentlemen were will be seen from the following illuminating anecdote—

A country friend, calling at the door of (Lord) Hermand's house in Edinburgh at four o'clock in the afternoon, was informed by the servant that the Judge was at dinner. "But I thought that his Lordship did not dine till five o'clock." "No more he does," said the servant, "but this is yesterday's dinner!" So excellent a host (adds Mr. Stewart) no doubt kept on the premises the customary attendant to "loose the neckcloths" of himself and his guests.

Mr. Stewart contrasts the Scottish and the English systems of law—greatly to the advantage of the former. And, of course, as, like the man in Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences* who in regard to honesty had "tried baith ways," Mr. Stewart has had a large experience of both legal systems, he is entitled to express an opinion. But, on the other hand, he is so good a Scot that he quotes with approval Mr. Arthur Balfour's recent remark in the House of Commons: "Almost everything in Scotland is better than in England, but it is extremely difficult to induce the English to see it." At the same time, let me say that there is no Scottish (or pseudo-Scottish) narrowness about Mr. Stewart. Here is a paragraph with which I, like many another Scotsman, am in complete sympathy.

For myself, I am glad to think and to say that we (Scotsmen) have contributed something to England's greatness. I dislike the petty and jealous distinctions between England and her component parts. We all know and feel that "England" means England and Wales and Scotland and Ireland, and, if you like, Canada and Australia and South Africa too. We are one, we have an equal share in our country's greatness; but, while each taking part in our separate history, we *must*, for the exigencies of life, have a short name, a single word, to describe it, and that word must be, and is, England. Our bond is our King and our common language.

Mr. Stewart spent eleven years in Edinburgh, and the chapters in which he describes the life of the time (1859-70) are to my mind the most interesting in his book. Amongst the people of that period with whom he had a greater or less degree of acquaintance were Dean Ramsay, Dr. John Brown (of "Rab and his Friends"), Norman Macleod, and Principal Tulloch. Amongst them also was the Lady Ruthven of whom so many good stories are told. Mr. Stewart tells one that is new to me; here it is—

One of the annual exhibitions of the Royal Scottish Academy included a painting of "Joseph Fleeing from Potiphar's Wife," which she examined with approval. The heroine of the story was depicted as extremely attractive. Lady Ruthven, as she turned away, was heard to remark, "But what ailed him wi' the lassie?"

In 1870, Mr. Stewart moved to London, where he established himself as a solicitor. Socially, he met such prominent folk as Tennyson, Robert Browning, James Russell Lowell, the first Lord Houghton, and many others hardly less distinguished, and of all of them he has something interesting or amusing to say. Amongst those whom he knew very well was, of course, his brother-in-law, George Stevens, the brilliant journalist and War-Correspondent who came to so untimely an end at Ladysmith.

ROBERT MACHRAY.



MR. CHARLES STEWART.

From a Painting by Mr. W. Skeoch Cumming, of Edinburgh.





MR. G. P. HUNTLEY AND MISS HETTY CHAPMAN IN "KITTY GREY," AT THE APOLLO.  
THE EARL OF PLANTAGENET MAKES HIS WAY INTO KITTY GREY'S DRESSING-ROOM, ONLY TO BE CONFRONTED BY THE STALWART DRESSER.  
DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY TOM BROWNE.





MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AND MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON IN "MICE AND MEN," AT THE LYRIC.

MARK EMBURY REALISES THAT PEGGY IS IN LOVE WITH HIS NEPHEW INSTEAD OF WITH HIMSELF.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY LEWIS BAUMER.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## LOVE AND A MOTOR-CAR.

BY CLO. GRAVES.



FAY lived in a green-creeper mantled, red-tiled Rectory, twenty miles south of the great, fermenting, seething, stewing City. There was a trellis-walk of roses—almost every known variety in bloom this July—and at the end a green gate opening upon a triangular patch of grass common, where geese walked in cackling single file, and a small pond was fenced in by heavily blossomed blackberry-bushes. As Fay leaned over the green gate—a slender young figure in a diaphanous white gown, her supple waist embraced by a girdle of moss-green velvet, fastened with a buckle of Burmese silver-work, her round, pink-flushed throat rising from a band of the same, and her silky abundance of blonde hair crowned with a coquettish hat of rough green straw—she looked very like a rose herself. The henna-red of raspberry-juice showed upon the tips of her slender fingers as she shaded her eyes with them and looked anxiously along the white ribbon of dusty highway that led to London. The sheltering

hand was very white; the eyes it screened were of the darkest blue. Then the blue eyes withdrew from the distant prospect, and fixed themselves upon the gander, who walked loftily by at that moment, obediently followed by his six or seven wives.

"You poor, stupid things!" Fay said, addressing them more in pity than in anger. "You—geese—to believe him so clever and to do everything he tells you! Don't you see that if you broke out of line and walked separately every one of you would have a chance of getting some slugs? But there you go, cackle-cackling behind his grey tail-feathers and letting him get the best of everything! Have you no ambitions? Haven't you ever heard of a Female Suffrage Society? Haven't you—?"

Fay broke off, for a cloud of dust was distantly visible upon the highway. The cloud rapidly approached, accompanied, not by a horse's regular trot and by the light crunching of dog-cart wheels, but by the soft yet relentless whirr-r-r of metal bedded upon resilient rubber. And, as the girl realised this, her sensitive lips quivered and something very like tears made the blue eyes hazy. She had expected a man with a dog-cart; here came instead a man in a motor-car, and who the man might prove to be she did not care in the least. So she turned her pretty back upon the high-road, and the cloud grew larger. Only, instead of flying past, it stopped in front of the green gate, scaring the geese out of their customary propriety into a squawking waddle and helter-skelter dive. And the handsome young fellow in the light-grey tweed suit who jumped out of the motor-car and stepped towards the garden-gate, showing a glimpse of shining white teeth under his silky brown moustache as he lifted his soft grey-felt hat in salutation, was, after all, the right man.

"Oh, Clem!" She had flashed round in anger as an arm touched her waist and the end of a moustache tickled her ear. "You wretch! to pretend you had bought a new horse and were coming down to take me for a trial drive!" The boxes upon the ear that Fay administered to the deceiver were very tender ones.

"I didn't say 'horse,' but 'gee,' and I am going to take you for a drive," said Clem. He took a kiss from the cheek that was so near him and went back to the machine.

"It pants like a hot setter," said Fay, regarding the motor with a little dislike. "One expects it to loll out a long red tongue every moment and plump down on its side in the shade. Why did you buy it?"

"It isn't tired," said Fay's lover, "and there's plenty of water in the tank. And I bought it because all the other men at Lloyd's have motor-cars and it gets me down here quicker than a trotter." He drew out a silk duster from a pocket in the machine and fondly mopped the white powder of the highway from its shining paint.

"Oh! have you sold Prince Rupert?" cried the girl, in a shocked tone.

"Not yet," said Clement Bathurst; "but I have spoken to a man—a fellow who underwrites for me. He wants a clever, reliable old rocking-horse for his wife to drive."

"And so you are going to sell Prince Rupert?"

"Women are wonderfully puzzling!" thought Clement Bathurst, as Fay's long eyelashes trembled, bright with tears. "Why should she mind my selling Rupert?"

"Men are extraordinarily dense," Fay thought, "and forgetful! He was driving Prince Rupert the very first day he came to take me out. And how many times since! . . . But men are so different from women!"

And, having arrived at this astonishing physiological discovery, Fay let herself be helped into the motor-car.

Her momentary feeling of vexation passed as her lover shook out the light knee-apron and carefully folded it over the diaphanous gown. Men were not altogether disappointing!

And now her lover took his seat beside her, turned the magic wheel, and they were in the heart of the flying cloud of dust. Hedges went by like strips of green ribbon patterned with wild rose and wound upon a flying reel. The soft whirr of the rubbered wheels changed to a dub-a-dub, and a river-bridge was left behind. Villages of red-tiled cottages with honeysuckled porches and gardens full of hollyhocks succeeded villages. Antique churches with square towers and thatched lych-gates appeared and vanished. Sometimes a vehicle drawn by a horse whizzed by, and the quadruped attached invariably became biped in homage to the motor.

"I hope we haven't caused *many* accidents!" said Fay, as a sober cob, attached to a gig and driven by a red-faced old farmer, evinced the usual signs of wild dismay.

"I hope not," said Bathurst. "But don't you *like* this? Aren't you enjoying yourself, child?"

His own handsome face was flushed with excitement, and, as he gripped the guiding-wheel with sinewy, nervous hands and looked ahead, recognising the difficulties of a corner to be negotiated, his jaw was set like cast metal.

"Oh yes, I am enjoying myself!" said Fay. "But it seems rather a gritty form of amusement for hot weather, doesn't it? My mouth is full of dust, and I have a piece of gravel in one eye and a fly in the other. And"—her voice had a distinct tone of reproach—"when we were in the dog-cart, behind dear, steady old Prince Rupert, you didn't want *both* hands to drive with!"

Bathurst, with a tender, rather conceited laugh, freed one hand and clasped her waist.

"You little darling! You sweet witch!" he said. "So *that* was the reason you preferred Prince Rupert, was it?" The last word came upon a little jolt of the machine.

"Oh!" cried Fay.

"Pet, it was nothing: only some brute or other in the road—a polecat or a weasel," said Bathurst, glancing over his shoulder at a tiny, motionless speck upon the dusty highway which next moment had vanished from view.

"It was a cat—some poor cottage-woman's pet!" cried Fay, her blue eyes blazing above crimson cheeks. "Stop the motor!" she added imperiously. "I want to get down!"

"To pick up the pieces? Silly child!" said Bathurst, with good-humoured tolerance.

"Turn round, then, please," said Fay, becoming as pale as she had been scarlet. "I should like to go home to the Rectory."

"We are going back now, but by a different route—Spindleash and Lexsham Hill. I have looked it out upon the map, and it seems negotiable!" said Bathurst.

"Lexsham Hill is marked 'Dangerous' for cyclists," said Fay, trying to speak coldly and politely; "but if you think it safe for a *chauffeur*—"

"It is absolutely safe for a *chauffeur* and a *chauffeuse*, not to mention a ten-horse-power 'Frambler,'" returned Bathurst, and, though his lips smiled and his tone was lightly caressing, his jaw was even more firmly set and his eyes were cold; "and so, here goes for Spindleash."

His heart was surging with passionate anger. He had counted on giving Fay a surprise, upon enjoying with her the new sensation of being automatically whirled through those familiar scenes, upon inhaling the incense of her admiration, evoked by his remarkable mastery of the steering-gear. And now . . . ! Disappointed vanity and wounded love make a mixture that is as bitter as it is heady.

Meanwhile, Fay sat beside her lover, pale and silent, folded, like a blighted rosebud, in her own sere and sad reflections. Was this the real Clement who had shown himself that afternoon—this hard, masterful, contemptuous man? Where was the tender, chivalrous lover? Gone, and in his place a stranger. She remembered Nora in



"The Doll's House." She, too, had found out the real Helmer—though Nora had been much longer in finding out hers. She would be warned. Oh! it would hurt to part from Clem, but not so poignantly if this was the real Clem. She would put the brake upon her Fate as it thundered with her down the steep, the cliff-like banks growing more and more precipitous, the descent more winding and more perilous with every hundred yards.

And then she awakened from her miserable dream to find that Clement and she were flying down Lexsham Hill at a fearful rate of speed. If her lover had had two pairs of arms, he would have wanted all of them. Breathless with the speed, Fay turned and looked in his set face. And the eyes turned, for Bathurst did not dare to move his head, and something like the old look came into them.

"The brake won't act! I cannot stop the machine!" The words were shouted above the hissing of the flying gravel-spray and the whistling of the wind of their downward flight. "I have been an idiot to risk an accident when you were with me. Forgive me, Fay!"

And Fay cried back, holding on for dear life as the motor oscillated from side to side, or swooped, balanced on the rims of two side-wheels, round some terrific curve: "There's nothing to forgive. I am glad to share the danger with you, Clem!"

"Bless you, child!" he muttered, with a rising lump in his throat.

And then the velocity of the descent increased, and a steep bank rose before them, and—

No more absurd ending to a tragic situation ever occurred. For in another moment the motor-car, with its occupants rather shaken and dusty but unhurt, had come peacefully to a standstill in a field of mangold-wurzel, having climbed the steep clay bank at the bottom of the gradient with the impetus gained in the descent.

"Why—we're alive!" gasped Fay, opening her eyes, which had been tightly shut.

"We are," said Clement Bathurst, stretching his jarred and aching arms; "but that we are is hardly my fault. I ought to have known that three lessons in motor-engineering will hardly turn out an expert. How hot this seat is getting! Why . . ." He gave a loud, dismal whistle, and, jumping from his seat, whipped Fay from the vehicle before she had well comprehended his intention. "The beastly thing's on fire," cried the aggrieved proprietor, "and not a pond within a mile of us!"

Which statement was true. So, having rescued the seat-cushions from the doomed carriage, the betrothed lovers sat down at a safe distance and watched the motor-car burn. It blazed merrily and created a fearful odour. As the work of destruction reached completion and the white-hot steel side-plates buckled in the roaring flame, an old and red-faced farmer came gingerly driving down Lexsham Hill behind a cob that only shied a little at the smell and flare. At the bottom of the hill the driver pulled up.

"Why, consarn me!" said he to the motor, "what be you doin' in my mangold-field? And where be the passengers—the young London gent and Parson Lovelace's darter? A nice tale I shall have to carry home to Windover Rectory if they be burned aloive!"

"Oh no, Mr. Rendle!" said a girlish voice, as Fay rose into sight above; "we are not burned alive, but we should be very glad to know how we are to get home."

"You can ha' th' gig, sure!" said the farmer cheerfully. "My place is nort but a mile from here." Then he pointed with his whip to the now incandescent ruin and observed to its rueful proprietor that he would be more than a penny out of pocket by that!

"A hundred and eighty pounds," said Bathurst.

"'Tis a lump," said the farmer; "but you may look upon it, in a way, as an insurance premium. For I'll lay my home hay-field again' a railway 'lotment that you'll never set foot in one o' those consarned engines"—he waved his whip towards the now smouldering motor-car—"while you draws the breath of life!"

"I'll never *buy* another," said Bathurst; "and, as for travelling in one, my appetite for that kind of locomotion is blunted for the present. Come, Fay, let me help you down this bank."

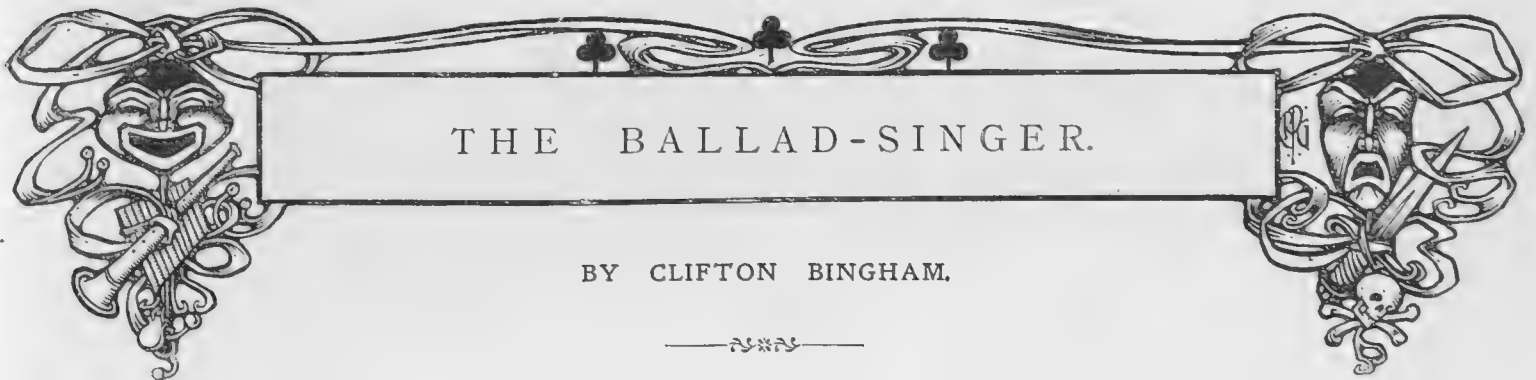
"Will you come on to th' Farm?" inquired its proprietor, beaming with approval as the handsome couple reached the road. "Not to have a glass o' wine after your scare? No? Well, please yourselves and you'll please me"; and he got down from the gig and handed Fay up with quite an air of chivalry. "You drive a horse better than you steer a motor," he said, with a wink of one bloodshot eye at Bathurst, "or consarn me if I'd trust old Charlie with you! Good-evening, Miss."

He touched his white hat to Fay and nodded to Clement. "I'll have they cushions took care on against you sends for 'em." And he stumped away round the corner, whistling to his dog.

And the old-fashioned, spidery gig climbed the hill behind the patient cob and slowly jog-trotted back to the Rectory. It was a silent drive but a pleasant one, and looks and touches have an eloquence of their own. Dusk had fallen before the tired cob pulled up at the green gate; and Clement, whose right hand only had been occupied with the reins, unclasped the other from Fay's small fingers and released her waist. In the darkness she lifted her face to his.

"One question, Clem, before we go in! Have you quite settled about selling Prince Rupert?"

"My sweet, I wouldn't barter him for a gold-mine, if you are against it!" was the commendably ready answer. Then, as the Rectory man-of-all-jobs led the weary cob to the stables, the green gate shut with a sound like a kiss, and the lovers vanished in the shadow of the rose-trellised walk that led to the shining porch of Home.



Only a ballad-singer I,  
Your heed, I pray, bestow;  
A wand'rer I, 'neath every sky,  
And singing as I go;  
To please you all my best I try—  
While passing to and fro.

Here's a ditty  
Claims your pity,  
That you can't disdain;  
"Willow, willow,  
Woe's my pillow,"  
Runs the sad refrain!

I sing to young, I sing to old;  
I make the weary glad;  
A charm for all my ditties hold,  
The joyous and the sad—  
I've ballads writ for wooers bold,  
Or love-sick lass and lad!

Here's a ditty  
Passing witty  
For a woeful swain;  
"Faint heart never  
Won fair lady,"  
Runs the light refrain!

I've many a simple lullaby  
To music soft and low;  
I call the tear to many an eye,  
Then charm away their woe!  
To please you all my best I try,  
While passing to and fro.

Here's a ditty  
Old and pretty,  
Bringing thoughts of home;  
List, oh list, as  
With my ballads,  
Through the land I roam!





## A PAGE ABOUT BOOKS.



### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. ROBERT BARR will be represented by two new novels this season. Messrs. Chatto and Windus are to issue very shortly his new historical story, "A Royal Tramp," while his study of American political life, "The Victors," is also, I believe, to be published in this country early this year. "The Victors" has been a great success in America.

The new novel by Mr. Charles Marriot which Mr. John Lane is to issue this spring will be called "Love with Honour." It will be remembered that, with "The Column," Mr. Marriot sprang into sudden notoriety last year.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has just completed the manuscript of a new detective story of the most thrilling description. The scene is laid in London, and the book will be published in April by Mr. Heinemann and will contain a number of coloured illustrations.

Mr. E. F. Benson's new novel, "Scarlet and Hyssop," will be published early in March.

It is pleasant to be able to chronicle the fact that the sale of that very remarkable novel, "The House with the Green Shutters," by "George Douglas," continues steadily; indeed, it may be said that the book is surely making its way on both sides of the Atlantic. "George Douglas," whose real name is Mr. George Douglas Brown, comes, I believe, from a family of farmers at Ochiltree, and went to Balliol with the Snell Scholarship from Glasgow University. Mr. Brown has been for some time past Literary Adviser to Mr. Macquenn.

The American magazine, the *Era*, contains an interesting "conversation" with Mr. Israel Zangwill on Success in Literature. "Success," said Mr. Zangwill, "is a matter of accident. To the untiring, intelligent writer it may come to-morrow, and it may not come for ten years. Sometimes it never comes. The only thing the unknown writer can do is to keep trying until the unexpected happens. If it never happens, he will have the honest feeling of having made a fight. In my own case no one helped. I had no letter of introduction to any Editor, and no friends in the case. I worked out the problem myself."

Some interesting particulars are being published of the voting for the "Nobel" prize for poetry, which, it will be remembered, was bestowed upon Sully-Prudhomme, while Francis Mistral was the only other name submitted by the Committee of five members to the Swedish Academy. The other poets who received votes from the Committee make an interesting and striking list: Tolstoi, three; Ibsen, three; Sienkiewicz, Ossip Louri, Hauptmann, two each; Edmond Rostand, Gabriele d'Annunzio, and Freytag, one each.

The Russian literary statisticians have been computing the influence of Tolstoi, based upon the number of his works published. The figures indicate that the "barbarian" has the ear of the world. The complete edition of the philosophic novelist, in fifteen volumes, and sold for about five shillings a volume, reached the astonishing figure of two hundred and eighty thousand. Of the general works there have been two hundred German translations, one hundred and fifty French, twenty-five English, fifty Danish, twenty-five Swedish, several in Tartar, Japanese, Hindustanee, and Turkish. Some of the works least known outside Russia, or not known at all, such as "The Prisoner of the Caucasus" and "Master and Servant," have reached a million copies each, while a child's story, "The First Book of Reading," is in the second million.

"The Opportunist," by Miss G. E. Mitton, is distinctly a novel worth reading. It contains a really brilliant character-sketch of the New Politician, and, fortunately, while the scene of the story is laid in the present day, there is no attempt at the ridiculous key-novel which has been rather painfully prevalent of late. It is a pity that Miss Mitton has introduced into the story an element of Adelphi sensationalism, with her shadowy Russian conspirators and the dynamite attempt on the life of the Minister of War. These things are not in the least conclusive; whereas the character-drawing is done with a firm and true hand.

In the various obituary notices of that strenuous journalist, Lewis Sergeant, I have not seen it mentioned that for a considerable period Mr. Sergeant was the reviewer of novels for the *Athenæum*. Dr. Conan Doyle declared that there was general agreement amongst novelists that the *Athenæum* reviews of novels were the worst that appeared anywhere. Since then, great changes have been made in this department of the leading literary journal. Mr. Sergeant had an extraordinarily varied journalistic experience; and he could have written a most entertaining and instructive autobiography. o. o.

### BOOKS AND JOTTINGS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

FEW games have so quickly taken hold of the sport-loving English people as that known as Ping-Pong. Some day, probably, a detailed history will be written of the game and how it grew; we shall then know whose ear first caught the sound which suggested its name. The registered word "Ping-Pong" is copyright and can only be used for title purposes by permission of the proprietors. What a fortune in a word! Like many movements, its popularity is reflected upon the publishing trade, as during the past month some eight different handbooks have been issued upon the game. Apparently, Ping-Pong was started about ten years ago, with cigar-box lids for bats, champagne-corks for balls, and a row of books for a net; but since then many developments have taken place, especially within the past few months, and, according to *Punch*, it has given us a new verb, "To ping," which he conjugates in the following manner: "I pang; thou pangids; he pung. We grovelled after balls; ye split your trouser-knees; they burst their braces." One of the best guides to this pastime is "Ping-Pong: The Game and How to Play It," by Arnold Parker (T. Fisher Unwin), which gives not only all that is at present known of its history, but describes and gives instruction as to the various services—the "volley," the "smash," the "screw," the "drive"—also the laws of the game, with hints of how to make up a table. The author of this book was the Queen's Hall Champion, and, with its numerous interesting diagrams, it forms one of the most complete and useful handbooks yet published. There are, however, a number of people who consider that the game has been wrongly named. To please these, there has been issued "Table-Tennis, and How to Play It," by M. J. G. Ritchie and W. Harrison (C. A. Pearson, Limited). There is little difference in the play of the two games and this volume can be used as an authority for either. It contains rules for handicaps and tournaments, it is tastefully produced, and will be popular with all classes of players.

Englishmen love a good song, especially one with a rousing chorus. The song that cannot be found in "The University Song-Book" (Grant Richards) is not of much importance. While the work is enriched by some modern songs, with music especially written for the volume, the collection contains also all the old popular songs of sport and love, convivial, sailor, and soldier ditties, and "For Auld Lang Syne." It is far and away the best collection of national songs yet produced and will be heartily welcomed both in the home and in music-loving circles.

Apparently, fiction will during this year, as in the past, be by far the most prolific of any department of literature. Although few of the spring announcements are yet ready, yet many important novels have already been published. Among the most readable is "A Prophet of the Real," by Esther Miller (W. Heinemann). This is the story of a female secretary to a novelist who, in unfolding his plot, depicts unintentionally some circumstances connected with his secretary's life. She confesses to him that her mother murdered her father, and the author is so interested in his secretary's story that he marries her, to watch the development of any murderous tendency that may be lurking in her blood. All ends satisfactorily. It is a clever and original story and one far above the average. A mystical, allegorical novel is "The Trial of Man" (John Murray). It is a bold attempt to show what results would be produced by repopulating a world from a man and woman chosen from two different stars. It savours rather of the end of the world, but in its development many of the old temptations with which the regenerating couple are surrounded are of the traditional order. The book is more of an allegory than a novel, but it is exceedingly well conceived, it is original, and is written with considerable care and thought.

The publisher of the "First Volume Library" has made a bold attempt in which it is possible he may succeed. Usually, an author's first work experiences great difficulty in finding someone to produce it; but, on the other hand, the reputations of many authors rest upon their first books. Time will show whether the literary discernment and foresight necessary for such an undertaking have been shown by this issue of the first-fruits of an author's pen. Volume I. of this Library is entitled "Wistons," a story in three parts, by Miles Amber (T. Fisher Unwin). This work, although containing many debatable problems, is particularly interesting; the characters are well drawn and full of life. There is much in it that shows the work of a new writer. Yet the book is full of promise, and, if the succeeding volumes are equal to the present one, there can be little doubt that the Library will not only be a success, but will be the medium through which a number of good authors will make their bow to the public. "The Insane Root," by Mrs. Campbell Praed (T. Fisher Unwin), is written in this author's most readable style.



## TWO SCENES FROM "ARE YOU A MASON?" AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

Mrs. Perry  
(Miss Ethel Matthews).John Halton  
(Mr. Mark Kinghorne).Frank Perry  
(Mr. Marsh Allen).Amos Bloodgood  
(Mr. George Giddens).

AMOS, THE SHAM MASON, TO HIDE HIS EMBARRASSMENT ON BEING QUESTIONED ABOUT HIS MASONIC ATTAINMENTS, PLAYS WITH THE GOLD-FISH.



Frank Perry.

Amos Bloodgood.

Mrs. Perry.

John Halton.

AMOS AND FRANK, EACH OF WHOM THINKS THE OTHER IS A MASON, TRY TO KEEP UP THE GAME. NOTE THE INTEREST OF MR. HALTON, WHOSE ONE AMBITION IN LIFE IS TO JOIN THE CRAFT.

*Photographs by Denton and Co., Union Road, Clapham, S.W.*



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*"The Honeysuckle and the Bee" Epidemic—Its Inevitable Character—Grafting "The Honeysuckle" on to Other Pieces—Songs and their Singers (and their Salaries)—Hereditary and Contagious Melodies—How to Write a Popular Song.*

LET us turn from wearisome politics, hackneyed military problems, demoralising Society scandals (to which we can return with renewed zest at another time), Bridge, Ping-Pong, and the other make-weights of ante-prandial conversation, to the national epidemic upon which general interest is centred at this moment: I refer, of course, neither to small-pox nor the "flu," but to the success of the musical year, "The Honeysuckle and the Bee." It greets us at the "hall," the skating-rink, and the concert. The restaurant which omitted it from its band-programme would be boycotted. Miss Maud Courtney, the creator, sings it nightly at the Palace.

At an amateur charity concert, three different sopranos dropped in during the evening (in the customary amateur way) and sang "The Honeysuckle," each unconscious of the others having perpetrated it. The 'bus-conductor, as he "punches with care," hums the rural melody (so appropriate to a metropolis in mid-winter). The cabman murmurs an incoherent request to his fare to be his honeysuckle, assuring him in a subsequent *sotto-voce* observation that he can rely upon him being his (the fare's) bee. I witnessed a glove-fight where "The Honeysuckle and the Bee" was played on the piano as an overture with a plaintive pathos.

No squeamish distinctions are made in inserting the air into any class of performance—a musical comedy, a pantomime, a tragedy (as an *entr'acte*), a simple recitation. This is natural in these days, when a piece is altered in the ordinary routine from a pantomime into a musical comedy ("Blue-bell" has already completed the change), a comic opera, a succession of music-hall "turns," and back into a new pantomime for the succeeding Christmas. The author comes to see his own play from pure curiosity, and then is so much an outsider that he can hardly get a free "order."

Just as an attack of cholera protects one against influenza, so this epidemic has killed those previous to it. With the blooming of "The Honeysuckle," "Maisie" has ceased to flourish as a daisy; Chopin's exhilarating "Funeral March" no longer inspires revellers at gay festivities; the Introduction to the Third Act of "Lohengrin"—which threatened to become chronic—is a vanity and vexation of spirit. Like the influenza, when the public has a song like this it has it badly and all at once. The only remedy is the homœopathic one—give it so much of it that it becomes incapable of enduring any more. I believe drunkards can be cured on a similar system. For the first fortnight, the piano-organist performing it is asked for an encore, at an

increased salary, and the German bandsman given refreshment in the kitchen. During the second month, the householder is bored, but still inclines to clemency; pays them to move on in the course of the third, and ever after that sends for the police. Unfortunately for the composer, the custom has fallen into abeyance of paying him a comfortable royalty on each copy sold. More often he pays the singer to sing the song—not that Mr. Penn is under any such necessity. The publisher may promote a concert for nothing—to advertise his publications. The singer may sing for nothing, or pay the promoter to be allowed to sing—to advertise himself.

A song may become the frenzy of the moment for various reasons. Like the great MacDermott's "We Don't Want to Fight," it may deal with some topic intensely interesting at the moment. Like "The Beggar," it may be forced on the helpless public by advertisement,

as a conjurer forces an apparently freely chosen card on his victim, or a manufacturer compels people to drink his cocoa or lung-emulsion. The public has to like the music, at the cost of whatever misery. The "Wacht am Rhein" could, no doubt, be made a national air in France if talked enough about by the papers and assassinated daily by the hurdy-gurdies. But, to become popular on its intrinsic merits, a song must always have one essential—it must resemble another which has been popular before it.

These melodies are hereditary as well as contagious. Stamp them out for a generation by a Muzzling Order for piano-organs, and it is difficult to see how any more could be written. Their first origin is as mysterious as that of hydrophobia. No one knows how Adam invented catchy airs to whistle over his horticultural labours. Of course, "The Honeysuckle" complies with the other canons of popularity: it is of direct human interest; its lines are simply expressed; "the piano is not too difficult, and the voice-part not too high"—and then it comes from America. Criticism is silent in the face of that.—HILL ROWAN.



MISS NANCY PRICE, PLAYING CALYPSO IN "ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

Although it is not yet known what the intentions of their Majesties may be with regard to the Coronation and the Royal Borough of Windsor, it is fervently hoped in that fortunate town that the Court will be in residence at the historic Castle for a portion of the time occupied by the general festivities. At a recent meeting held under the presidency of the Mayor of Windsor, a Committee was appointed to make arrangements for celebrating the great event, and within a few days the subscription-list, headed by H.R.H. Prince Christian, as Lord High Steward of the Borough, totalled the greater part of a thousand pounds. Not only is it contemplated to extend the rejoicings and feastings over a period of several days, but, if possible, a statue of His Majesty is to be erected to commemorate a memorable event in history and the annals of the town. At any rate, as is only fitting, Royal Windsor has taken Time by the forelock, and fully intends that the celebration shall, if possible, eclipse those of the Jubilees of 1887 and 1897. The poor people and children of the town are to be entertained and a grand Venetian fête will probably be organised.



## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

ALL good playgoers will assuredly be interested in Mrs. Tree's first managerial venture. If arrangements still accepted at the time of writing hold good, this venture will start to-night (Wednesday) at Wyndham's Theatre, Charing Cross Road. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree begins with what, ever since the days of "A Pantomime Rehearsal" and its often-changed two companion playlets, has been known as a "Triple Bill."

To condescend to particulars (as the old-time Scottish phrase has it), Mrs. Tree's programme will consist of a certain seventy-year-old Hibernian farce, originally called "His Last Legs," but now, for some time past, re-named "Irish Assurance"; an adaptation of "Au Téléphone," a miniature French drama; and another adaptation of a famous French success, namely, "L'Enigme." From this it will be seen that, in the matter of plays alone, Mrs. Tree intends to give plenty of value for money, to say nothing of the powerful little group of players she has engaged. This group includes, in addition to Mrs. Tree herself, Miss Fay Davis and Messrs. Leonard Boyne and Charles Warner.

Mr. Tree tells me that he would have played in the aforesaid Telephonic play but for his arduous duties in "Ulysses." Moreover, Mr. Tree is, he adds, meditating a series of

CORONATION SHAKSPEARE SHOWS, with a view to interesting certain foreign visitors.

For my part, I should not be surprised to find Mr. Tree playing, among other Shaksperian rôles, that of Richard the Second, and anon it is probable (and, believe me, I speak not without authority) that Mr. Tree may even produce "The Tempest," with himself both as Prospero and Caliban.

The first theatrical production of the current week was Messrs. George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley's new drama adaptation from the successful Parisian play, "La Fille du Garde-Chasse." This adaptation, now called

"HAGAR,"

but formerly entitled "Magdalen," was submitted by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sugden at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, just as *The Sketch* was going to press. Pending a more detailed notice in due course, it may be here said that its powerful and often poignant situations promise well for its success on its projected suburban and provincial tour.

"MEMORY'S GARDEN."

We all love "Chivvy," and Tom Gallon has appealed successfully to countless readers, but apparently these two have not all the gifts, and "Memory's Garden" will not leave a very agreeable souvenir with everybody. Indeed, the

word "memory" in the title is not judicious, since the play, though one does not make any specific charge of plagiarism, is curiously ancient in flavour if not in style. And one is apt to get tired quickly of the new stir-up of old materials, seeing there is no novelty of flavouring in the mixture. Doubtless, some, even many, playgoers

will be moved by the scene in which the elderly vicar confesses his sin to his son, and still more moved when it is played at a reasonable pace. The success of the evening was made by Miss Daisy Thimm, a pretty young lady who reminded one of Miss Cissy Loftus and Miss Winifred Fraser and who acted cleverly and very agreeably. Mr. Bassett Roe played cleverly, and Miss Norah Lancaster showed decided promise, though her style was somewhat too violent.

## MUSICAL ITEMS.

The Carl Rosa Company gave a series of performances last week at the Camden Theatre. "Faust," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Carmen," and "The Bohemian Girl" were the chief operas performed.

Music at the new Roman Catholic Cathedral will be an important feature, and, although the structure is still far from being completed, Cardinal Vaughan has arranged for a grand musical performance in order to test the acoustic qualities of the building.

Handel's "Acis and Galatea" will shortly, by Mr. Penley's kind permission, be performed at the Great Queen Street Theatre.

Messrs. Plunket Greene and Leonard Borwick gave their second and last pianoforte and vocal recital last Friday, at St. James's Hall. Mr. Greene sang compositions of Schubert, Scarlatti, Rubinstein, Schumann, Sir Hubert Parry, and traditional Irish melodies arranged by Dr. Villiers Stanford, Mr. Borwick being heard in works of Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Chopin. Mr. Bird accompanied.

The excellent Kruse

String Quartet on Thursday last, at St. James's Hall, introduced a novelty in Verdi's String Quartet in E Minor. The composer is so little known as a writer of chamber-music that the work, which is full of broad melodies, attracted a great deal of attention. Beethoven's famous Septet for strings and wind was also included in the programme.

The St. James's Hall Ballad Concert was given on Wednesday last with great success, the vocalists being Madame Paulsen, Miss Alice Gomez, Miss Decima Moore, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. William Green, and Mr. Maurice Farkoa, Herr Backhaus being the pianist.

The late Franz von Suppe was greatly appreciated in Vienna, where a museum has been founded in his honour by his widow.

I have expressed my fullest confidence in the future of Mr. John Coates as a first-class tenor, and I am glad to note the enthusiastic comments of the German Press upon his



MISS MARIE DAINTON, WHO IS AGAIN PLAYING IN "A CHINESE HONEYMOON," AT THE STRAND.

Photograph by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.



MR. JAMES WELCH AS LORD GARSTON IN "THE NEW CLOWN," AT TERRY'S.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.



MR. JAMES WELCH AS THE NEW CLOWN, AT TERRY'S.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.



singing in opera at Cologne. The *Kölnische Zeitung* of Feb. 11 has a notice of Mr. Coates in "Martha" which is flattering in the extreme, and everywhere in the Fatherland the English tenor has met with favour.

Meyerbeer's "Africaine," after many years of neglect, is to be splendidly revived at the Paris Grand Opera. The "Africaine" was produced in 1865. It had been withheld by the composer for twenty years. The opera was very popular a few years ago at Covent Garden, with Pauline Lucca as the heroine.

Everybody will be glad to hear that Madame Melba is this year to be the chief "star" of the Covent Garden Season. She will appear on or about May 20.

A laughable incident occurred the other day at St. James's Hall. M. de Pachmann was playing a pianoforte piece of Mozart's, when at the back of the hall a muffin-bell clashed in at one of the pianissimo passages.

Mr. J. W. Turner and his Company appeared last week in a series of English operas at the Standard Theatre.

Mr. Isidore de Lara's opera, "Messaline," was produced last week in New York. But the critics greatly condemned the opera on account of the libretto, which was objected to at the Royal Opera, the character of the dissolute Empress being decidedly repulsive.

Mascagni has decided to employ the story of Marie Antoinette as an operatic libretto. The opera will be mainly spectacular.

At Rome, on Jan. 30, an opera, "Cinderella," by a composer partly of English and partly of Italian descent, met with considerable success.

MISS ZENA DARE,

a splendid portrait of whom appears on page 223, has for some years been known as a juvenile actress of exceptional beauty and more than



MISS FLORENCE LLOYD AS MRS HEARTY, THE LANDLADY, IN "BLUE-BELL," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

ordinary ability. I am not quite sure whether the little lady is at present appearing in any London theatre, but it is certain that so talented an artiste will not be absent from the boards very long.

"The Importance of Being Earnest" must be withdrawn from the St. James's Theatre after next Friday night. The theatre will then close for the final rehearsals of Mr. Stephen Phillips's Italian tragedy.

"PAOLO AND FRANCESCA."

According to present arrangements, Mr. Alexander will produce this piece on March 6. It will be the most beautifully mounted and best-cast play Mr. Alexander has yet given us.

Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry have withdrawn

"THE HEEL OF ACHILLES"

from the Globe for revision, and have revived their enormously successful play, "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," there. This picturesque piece will doubtless last them for the remainder of their tenancy, which, owing to the London County Council's sudden resolve to demolish the Globe after all, must end on March 31.

When Messrs. Louis Napoleon Parker and Boyle Lawrence revise "The Heel of Achilles," I would advise them to give that often powerful drama another title. I can assure them that I have met and

have heard of a good many playgoers who, before seeing the piece, made sure that it was a classical play, "like 'Ulysses,'" as they said.

That smart writer who in play-writing matters elects to be billed as "Owen Hall" tells me that he has written a new play, which he calls

"A WOMAN FROM JAY'S."

This is not, as might be anticipated, a musical piece, but a farcical comedy of the early Criterion kind.



MISS RUBY VERRALL.



MR. HARRY RANDALL.



MISS KITTY LOFTUS.

THESE CLEVER ARTISTES HAVE BEEN APPEARING IN "CINDERELLA" AT THE GRAND ISLINGTON.

Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*The Crystal Palace Motor Show—The Bicycle of the Future—Two Important Points—A New Paper—The Rational Dress League—The Great Continental Race—The Freak Cyclist—Cleaning the Chain.*

Time to light up:—Wednesday, Feb. 26, 6.32; Thursday, 6.34; Friday, 6.36; Saturday, March 1, 6.38; Sunday, 6.40; Monday, 6.41; Tuesday, 6.43.

It cheered my heart to see the great interest taken last week by visitors to the Crystal Palace in the Motor Show. At the National and Stanley Cycling Shows, folks usually saunter from stand to stand, casting but a lackadaisical glance at machines, and being attracted only by some striking novelty or freak. At the Motor Show it was different. Visitors were really enamoured by the many inventions, all tending to produce, one of these days, a satisfactory motor-bicycle. It was not a flippant, passing interest displayed, but deep and sincere. This augured well. As sure as the day follows the night, the ultimate bicycle will be a motor-propelled machine.

It has only been this last couple of years that a direct attempt has been made by the great manufacturers to produce a motor-bicycle that will appeal to the mass of the public. Although we are still far off perfection, the chrysalis stage has been passed, and the motor-bicycle is a reality and not a mere figment of the inventor's brain. I hope this coming season to have some personal experience with various machines, and I will write my opinions. Meanwhile, I do not propose to praise one machine over the other, because all the makers seem to be loyally striving after something permanently good.

I was glad to see that there is a strong move to make these motor-bicycles as simple as possible in the working. It is not the cost of the machines (ranging from £45 to £65) that prevents many a man becoming an owner. It is because, not being a practical mechanic, he is afraid that the mechanism will soon get out of order, and, not knowing how to put it right himself, dreads the thought of being stranded many miles from home. Therefore, extreme simplicity in starting, regulating, and stopping the motor is a thing well worthy to be striven after.

There were two things I made up my mind about whilst examining the bicycles, and these were that the motor should be placed low in the machine and that the driving-gear should be a belt rather than a chain. In the former matter there is a consensus of agreement, but with regard to the latter there is large difference of opinion. Of course, a belt easily becomes slackened, whereas a chain keeps firm. But, as we have not yet reached perfection, we are well within the range of mishaps. I would prefer a machine which provides for the belt being easily slipped off, so that the bicycle might be foot-propelled in the ordinary way instead of with the chain, which necessitates in many cases great extra labour through having to drive the whole mechanism when pedalling is necessary owing to a breakdown.

My congratulations on the appearance of *Motor Cycling*. It is an extremely bright, well written, and profusely illustrated pennyworth, and every man who intends to become a motor-cyclist must perforce be a subscriber.

Some of us have been thinking that the Rational Dress League was dead and had vanished into the limbo of things where go unappreciated but laudable purposes. The ladies, however, who hold there is room for decided improvement in the matter of feminine attire seem to be keeping as staunch as ever to their views, although showing of late some reticence in displaying the latest thing in bifurcated cycling-garments. I have just seen a prospectus of the League, and it sets out that "The objects of the Association shall be to foster reform in the dress of both sexes, more particularly to promote the wearing by women of some form of bifurcated garment for all active purposes; and to advocate the adoption, according to individual taste and convenience, of a style of dress based upon considerations of health, comfort, and beauty."

I am one of those pagan men whose objection to "rational" costume is not so much to the garb itself as to the type of woman who wears it. I have seen, though not often, pretty girls so dressed, and I must say they have lost nothing in attractiveness.

Most of the ladies who have strong views on the advantages of such clothes have strong views on most other things, and have often reached an uncertain age. I am, myself, looking forward to the time when women will be sensible enough to throw aside their prudish affectation for flopping skirts and adopt a garment more suitable and far prettier. There is no restriction in the way of thousands of ladies joining the Rational Dress League, for the entrance-fee is only a shilling and the annual subscription half-a-crown.

Already arrangements are being made for the automobile race on the Continent next June. Last year, it was from Paris to Berlin; this year, it is to be from Paris to Vienna. Motor-bicycles are to be allowed to compete, and I should not be at all surprised if a well-built, light, but extremely strong bicycle shows the way to many a huge and torpedo-like car.

The freak cyclist is a creature of whom we have heard comparatively little of late. The man who rides down steep stairs or up a spiral staircase is not a cyclist in the best sense of the word, but a man who earns his

living by exciting curiosity in hazarding his neck. There seems, however, to be a fresh eruption of freakishness. Recently, a man has been creating much sensation at one of our watering-places by riding along the pier and taking a header, machine and all, into the sea.

Many a chain is now heavy and clogged through winter wear, and the average cyclist does not feel disposed to take the necessary trouble to properly clean it. I am just a little suspicious of the ordinary repairer, who does not always take that minute care he should do in cleaning the machine. It is best to do this oneself, and undoubtedly the most satisfactory way of cleaning a chain is to soak it and work it in paraffin and afterwards give it a boiling in molten tallow. I see, however, that Mr. Crompton, who is an authority and expert on all these matters, has devised a new method of cleaning and lubricating the chain. He covers the vessel containing it and the molten tallow with a bell-glass and then exhausts the air. The extraction of the air brings every bubble between the working parts of the chain to the surface, whilst the readmission of air to the bell-chamber forces tallow into every cranny. This is simple and effective. But all of us do not keep bell-chambers and air-pumps. The suggestion, however, has been well made that repairers might do so.

J. F. F.



MR. GUS ELEN, THE WELL-KNOWN "COSTER" COMEDIAN, NOW APPEARING AT THE TIVOLI.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES

*Salted Tracks.* The recent long period of frost spelt loss to many Clerks of Courses who failed to insure their fixtures. A well-known Clerk once told me that it required £300 per day to pay the expenses of a meeting under National Hunt Rules, and, five days out of six, the money is forthcoming from the sales and the public. A wag has suggested to me that racing could be carried on the year round if the managers of meetings were to salt their tracks. I am afraid, however, that owners would object to run their horses under such cruel conditions. Again, what would be done to train the competitors? It would be possible to run National Hunt flat-races on ash-tracks, but I do not think these would be safe for hurdle-races and steeplechases. Further, the jockeys would not risk a bad gravel-rash for the amusement of the spectators. I do not think artificial tracks would be popular in England. On the other hand, I contend that the National Hunt Committee should arrange for the postponing or abandonment of all meetings when any doubt existed about the weather prospects. In the opinion of many trainers, it is a real bit of good-fortune when no racing takes place for a week on account of frost. The weary steeplechase-planters benefit by a rest from training and racing, and, after a few days' walking on the straw beds, they come out again as fresh as paint. It is the jockeys who fare worst in holiday-times. Many of them get beery and gross.

In less than three weeks from now the flat-racing season of 1902 will have commenced. Active work has been the order of the day at Newmarket and other training centres, and many of the horses will run early in the season, but some of them will be palpably unfit. Of the Lincoln Handicap candidates, I continue to receive reassuring news of St. Maclou and Victor Don. It can safely be asserted that not more than half the field for the Grand National will stand up. I am pleased to hear that Ambush II. is going on all right; so is Drógheda, who, by-the-bye, was off-colour some time back. Collins's stable is also represented by Manifesto, and many South of England sportsmen think that this pair will finish in the first three. Collins has trained several winners of the big cross-country race, including Why Not, The Soarer, and Manifesto, and the stable make very few mistakes. However, I shall stand on Ambush II. to win. I am told that Volodyovski is a certain starter for the City and Suburban. If he runs, I shall take him to beat all comers. Carabine is a big favourite for the Great Metropolitan, and Mannlicher is fancied for the Chester Cup. The Great Lancashire Steeplechase, to be run on the new course at Manchester on Easter Monday, is voted a real good thing for Sarah II., who did not accept for the Grand National. Duke of Westminster may run for the Two Thousand Guineas, in which case he would win, and it is just possible he would go on and capture the Derby. According to latest rumour, Nasturtium, the American colt, is a bit of a flat-catcher. It is said he cannot stay a yard over six furlongs. Anyway, Huggins can be left to make the most of him.

*The Liverpool Cup.* With the exception of the Grand National, which always yields well, the handicaps to be decided on the Aintree Course fail to attract large entries. More's the pity, as the executive display remarkable enterprise, and the prizes given are above the average, at any rate, of South Country meetings. Unfortunately, the givers of Liverpool Cups have not of late years been over-popular with backers. The eleventh-hour chops and changes, the wins of the lame 'uns, and the non-starting of favourites, have all tended to make plungers hold aloof, and on several occasions the market over the Cup has been weak in the extreme. Luckily, the meeting boasts good patrons in Lord Derby, Lord Farquhar, Lord Stanley, and the Hon. G. Lambton, who enter at times the whole Stanley House fleet. I am told that the new Earl of Sefton will presently register his racing-colours, and, as a matter of course, his Lordship would patronise the

home fixture. Another good patron of Aintree may be noted in the Duke of Westminster, who, by-the-bye, likes cross-country sport better than he does flat-racing. Of the twenty-four entries for the Liverpool Cup, only seven have gone out, and I do hope that at least a dozen of the contents will go to the post. Many good judges have fastened on Zagiga for this race, but she has not accepted, and she may run well for the Lincoln Handicap. If wanted, I think Misunderstood will go close at Liverpool. She is thrown in with 6 st. 8 lb. only to carry.

*Bookmakers.* I was one of the few sporting journalists who agitated for the licensing of bookmakers many years ago. Mr. R. H. Fry and many of the leading bookmakers met and agitated for the proposal, but it was outvoted. It must come sooner or later, and the sooner the better, say I. If the bookmakers were licensed, they could act in a body, as so many special constables, and report to the ring-keepers the presence of all evil-doers in their midst. If the licensed bookmakers worked together, there would be no longer any need for them to hobnob with prize-fighters and other objectionable personages. The bookies would be able to post all defaulters, and this, I take it, is the best argument in favour of their being licensed, as it would prevent the mushroom plungers from betting beyond their means. We are told every day of the week that betting in a "place" is legal. Then why not make it safe by allowing

only men of substance to lay against horses? The bookmakers of standing would welcome the idea, and it would recoup layers of standing over and over again to pay the licensing fee for the imprint of respectability. Clerks of Courses are allowed to charge heavy fees for the entrance to Tattersall's Ring, where people go to bet. Then why should not the Jockey Club impose an extra fee on the bookmakers, and in return give them the passport? I am certain the majority of the bookmakers at the present time would hail with delight a licensing law.



INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY-MATCH: IRELAND v. WALES, PLAYED AT DUBLIN FEB. 19.  
IRELAND (THE TEAM ILLUSTRATED) WON BY SEVEN GOALS TO NIL.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

No doubt, many of you have noticed how healthy in appearance the regular racegoer is. His life in the open air puts the right sort of paint on his cheeks. He looks robust, hard, and generally very fit. I am referring to the man who walks to and from the course, practises strict temperance, and never gets worried over his speculations. But even the perfect man in appearance trains off directly an interruption takes place to his natural daily routine, and the recent cold snap showed the regular racegoers up in very bad light. They looked dull, listless, and what a trainer of athletes would term "beefy." The round of the Clubs evidently does not suit the ardent racegoer. Perhaps he has one too many "specials," or he may stay up too late o' nights. Anyway, the lazy life tells on his appearance, and he does not look half the man at play that he does when at regular work. The occupation of the regular racegoer is a healthy one and no mistake. He is case-hardened against the weather. He eats well, sleeps well, and does not allow trifles to unsettle him.

*Telegrams.* After an experience extending over twenty-five years, I can testify to the careful manner in which the telegraph officials do their work on the course and at the G.P.O. I have opened thousands and thousands of telegrams in my time, and I seldom come across a wrong figure or even a horse's name wrongly spelt. This speaks volumes for the operators, seeing that some of the manuscript they handle is to the lay eye simply unreadable. However, mistakes do happen at times, and a correspondent tells me of a case when he despatched a telegram from one of the suburban racecourses to London that was never sent. He says the authorities acknowledge that the mistake occurred through the neglect of a clerk. I should add, the neglect cost my correspondent ten pounds, which annoyed him much. I note this little incident to show that mistakes are possible even with the G.P.O., but I really should not have believed it had not the facts been laid before me.

CAPTAIN COE.



## OUR LADIES' PAGE.

I HAVE had several letters on the subject of high- and low-cut evening-frocks from correspondents with various views this week. "An Anxious Mother" belauds my commendation of comfort *versus* coughs, while a "Young Matron" ridicules the notion of hiding her shapely shoulders with any disguise, however diaphanous. I can only repeat that common-sense must rule in this as in all else. If a well-warmed carriage and a plenitude of sables be our portion, there is no reason why we should not "strip" to the accepted limit of *décolletée* on cold evenings; but to court bronchitis by stepping from hot rooms into the draughty hansom or "growler" of custom, and afterwards sit with bared arms and neck for three hours at the play, is a folly that begins in vanity and generally ends in bed. Even the strongest men have no immunity in this treacherous climate, and poor Colonel Knox, who died last week of pneumonia, was among the latest victims. In taking a niece to the theatre, Colonel Knox caught the chill which ended so fatally and robbed the Service of one of its most beloved and popular members.

Apodos, some extraordinarily successful high theatre-frocks have just been designed by a popular artist who has recently exchanged the ethereal pursuit of water-colours for the more paying one of designing smart frocks for the well-dressed women of this generation. By means of decoying a well-known Paris dressmaker over here to assist in carrying out her ideas, this clever artist succeeds in producing marvels of manipulation in the matter of clothes. I refrain from "naming names" lest it should appear a matter of mere advertisement,

feature amongst newest modes for dresses as well. Applied to the new canvas materials it is at its best, and the loveliest effects are obtained. It is an expensive form of decoration, and one hopes yet



[Copyright.]

A CHIC COSTUME IN BLUE CLOTH, WITH THE LATEST SKIRT.

but anyone who wishes for the address can have it by the simple expedient of an interrogatory post-card.

A good many of the newest hats are composed of a stiff material resembling grass-lawn, which is in some instances stitched and strapped with straw, and in others elaborately hand-embroidered with coloured tapestry wools. Woollen embroidery will, in fact, form a central



[Copyright.]

A SMART GOWN FOR MONTE CARLO.

fears that it will not be too skilfully imitated. The machine has been instrumental in killing so many "exclusive" modes, which are no more exclusive when copied by the million.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INEXPERIENCE (Tynecastle).—Speaking as one who has given no hostages to fortune, I should say, "When in doubt, try Benger." Most mothers of my acquaintance swear by that delectable composition, and one daily hears that Benger's Food is responsible for most of the beautiful babies at present extant. But I speak under correction.

COUNTRY COUSIN (Hants).—For your corsets, by all means go to the Samothrace people in Bond Street; and for your theatres, go first to "The New Clown," at Terry's. It is splendid.

SYBIL.

## "THE MASTERY OF THE PACIFIC."

Under this title Mr. Heinemann has just published an important new work by Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun, whose name is familiar, especially to readers of *The Sketch*, as that of a writer who has had unique opportunities of becoming acquainted with the problems awaiting solution in the Far East and other distant parts of the Empire. Mr. Colquhoun's "China in Transformation," "The Key of the Pacific," "The Renaissance of South Africa," and other masterly works, are so well known and appreciated that his new book will be eagerly read.

His Majesty the King has been pleased to honour Messrs. A. Marx and Co., of 121, Regent Street, W., with a Royal Warrant of Appointment as Jewellers to His Majesty.



### "A COUNTRY MOUSE."

I FOUND the ever-busy Mr. Frank Curzon very busily engaged in the preparation for the production of Mr. Arthur Law's new comedy, "A Country Mouse," at the Prince of Wales's, to-morrow (Thursday) night. This play, which, as we are going to press, is having a two nights' trial-trip at Worthing, may be better

This demure damsel—the "Country Mouse" of the title—is enacted by Miss Annie Hughes, one of our cleverest comedy actresses. The other characters include a Duke, a man-about-town, a foolish young Lord, a high Society lady, and a wealthy brewer, respectively allotted to Mr. C. W. Somerset, Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, Miss Granville, and Mr. J. D. Beveridge. To all these Mr. Law has given what seems to be the most brilliant dialogue he has yet penned. Whether "A Country Mouse" succeeds financially



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OXFORD LEAVING THE RAFT.



OXFORD: "GET READY TO PADDLE!"



CAMBRIDGE: "EASY ALL!"

### THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE: THE CREWS AT PRACTICE.

described as a "Society satire" than as a comedy. It treats principally of the way in which certain "swagger" folk, cutting a high figure in Park Lane, Kensington, and Bond Street, "take up," as the saying is, an apparently very shy, very innocent, and very shame-faced little rustic damsel, who, however, proves clever enough not only to "play for safety" all the time, but contrives also to carry off the best matrimonial male "catch" in the piece.

or not—and its smart last Act, with the chief business occurring on the roof of a Bond Street tea-shop, should help it considerably—it is sure to be greeted as an honest and clever piece of work.

In the intervals of rehearsal, I found my indefatigable young friend Curzon meditating sundry other play-schemes, of which more anon. Also he is thinking about taking yet another theatre to run with the four or five which he already rules.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 11.*

## A BAD WEEK.

OUR warning of last week has been more than amply justified ever since it was written. Not only have the causes which we pointed out produced the anticipated results in the Kaffir Market, but trouble has been increased by the failure to pass names for shares not carried over, and until the buying-in is cleared off improvement can hardly be expected. If Kaffirs have had a bad time, Jungles have had a worse, and the Account ends with a serious slump in Yankees. We hear that North Mount Lyell shares are worth buying at about  $\frac{3}{4}$  premium.

The expected Government borrowing in respect of the War expenditure is still hanging over the markets, and various are the anticipations as to the form it will take. Meanwhile, as the Stock Exchange has determined to present a fresco for the Royal Exchange, our artist this week makes a suggestion which the Committee will, no doubt, favourably consider. Let us hope that the present Chancellor of the Exchequer—represented by our artist in the guise of King John—will not have recourse to the same methods of extracting money as appear to have been used in the “Early” Issue of Consols.

## THE JUNGLE JUMBLE.

Before proceeding to discuss the West African Market position, it is, unfortunately, necessary to once more draw attention to the tactics adopted by some of the insiders when bad news becomes known to them. Instead of publishing it immediately, the market is banged for a day or two before ever the real reason becomes apparent. When the bad news is made known, and the public, nervous and disappointed, begins to sell, the bears make comfortable profits by repurchasing the shares which they sold a couple of days earlier on the strength of information obtained through their being intimately connected with the Companies. It needs very little more of this kind of thing to make the public realise the dangerous game which speculation in West Africans amounts to, for it is playing against people who use loaded dice to attempt to make money out of many Jungle concerns. The whole West African “job” has so often been denounced in these columns that our readers hardly require the object-lessons of the past week to convince them, we expect.

The “postponement” of the cash dividends on Ashanti Goldfields has confirmed our dictum of a few weeks back that the price of the shares was then too high. Another blow to the market, and a much worse one, is the disappointing character of the report issued a few days ago by the New Gold Coast Agency. The old shares in this Company were at one time rushed up to £60 each, equivalent to 6 for the now divided Agency’s, and they were talked to 100. The Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, it has been officially announced, holds a fair stake in the undertaking, and, if the Agency properties are wrong, then West African mining, as a whole, must sink discredited, since this Company is supposed to own the pick of the country’s properties outside those possessed by the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation. We may sum up the situation by saying that West African gold-mining is a much more precarious and speculative (to use the Agency Company’s words) proposition than it has been deemed up to the present.

In the general Jungle jumble the strength of Taquah and Abosso stands out as a rare relief to the prevailing flatness. If the lately issued report is anything to go by, the Company is on the highway to prosperity, although shareholders must not be surprised to get disappointing news, such as seems to fall to the lot of every Jungle undertaking. The Taquah market, however, is a good one, and we certainly should not advise a sale of the shares at this inopportune instant.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

“Oh, carry me out!” entreated The Jobber, sinking into his usual seat.

“Market isn’t strong enough,” The Broker grumbled, putting his hat into the rack.

“I wonder whether the Kaffir Market ever *will* be good enough to carry me out?” groaned The Jobber. “I bought such lots of things high up, so few low down!”

The Banker’s heavy sigh drew attention to the portly old gentleman. “Then it is true,” he asked reproachfully, “that you members of the Stock Exchange do speculate on your own account?”

“I thought it was against the rules?” put in The Engineer.

“It’s condemnably wrong,” The Merchant declared.

“You gentlemen appear to be strangely ignorant of human nature.” The Broker was on his defence. “You expect us to go into the House and gamble for you all, and never to speculate so much as a penny-piece for ourselves.”

“Oh, how *can* we do such naughty-things!” moaned The Jobber.

“And, then,” continued The Broker, “when the newspapers get hold of tales about House-men speculating, you all hold up your hands in pious indignation, talk ridiculous nonsense about the Committee passing rules to stop members dealing for themselves—”

“They might just as well try to stop us breathing. Go it, Brokie!” from The Jobber.

“And—and—and—”

“Am I to understand, sir,” The Banker asked, “that you condone this wild over-speculation?”

“Not for a moment!” cried The Defendant, hastily. “Far from it. I don’t think suspension or expulsion from the Stock Exchange would be a whit too strong a punishment for those mad fools whose accounts have done the Kaffir Market—and therefore the public—so much harm in the last few days.”

“But I suppose that, so long as the Stock Exchange lasts, markets will always be subject to such extraneous influences, eh?”

“Always. You cannot stop gambling either in the House or outside it, and, if there’s no trouble within our gates, it will come from without.”

“What a cheerful chap you are this morning!” observed The Merchant. “You seem nearly as happy as the man I met yesterday who said he had bought Brighton ‘A’ at something over 130.”

“More fool he!” laid down The Engineer. “I can’t see where a rise in Home Rails is coming from, myself.”

“Coming from yourself, is it?” innocently asked the Jobber.

The other took no notice, profiting by past experience.

“Charges in the Home Railway accounts are going up like air-ships, although the metaphor ends there, seeing that they don’t come down in the same way.”

“Coal’s cheaper,” The Merchant urged.

“That is almost the solitary item in which the Companies are making any saving,” The Engineer went on. “Pretty nearly everything else is rising: rates and taxes, maintenance charges, labour, and so forth.”

“There was a little boom in Home Rails just before the last Jubilee time,” put in The Broker. “With Coronation prospects at hand, I should scarcely like to recommend my clients to get out of their Home Rails.”

“That’s what I think,” agreed The Merchant. “To my mind, the best Home Rails are better bought than sold at the present time. But I don’t quite know what to do about Districts. My sister has some, and she’s getting nervous, although she has held the stock for years now.”

“It would be a great pity, surely,” considered The Engineer, “to sell District stock now that electrification is so comparatively near at hand.”

“You can buy yourself Districts to sleep on,” advised The Jobber.

“What do you know about it, you Kaffir Kraalsman?”



AN “EARLY” ISSUE OF CONSOLS.

*A Suggestion for the Stock-Exchange Fresco in the Royal Exchange.*



"Oh! a man I met at dinner the other night who is intimately acquainted with the inner workings of the Company told me I could do it for myself, and I disinterestedly pass the tip on, now you are talking of Districts. Haven't had time to act on it yet."

"There is something in it," said The Broker, with a little hesitation. "They are sure to twist up Districts considerably, long before the time comes for electrifying the line. Only you may have to wait a good many months before the tip matures."

"How about Salmons?" inquired The Merchant.

"What on earth have they to do with Districts?" The Engineer demanded.

"The one idea of smoke suggested the other, eh?"—thus The Jobber.

"Salmons," The Broker began, with an air of authority, "are well worth five-and-forty shillings."

"Say 2½, and get it over," interrupted his confrère.

"Forty-five shillings," The Mentor continued. "They will pay you about 4½ per cent. at that, and are an excellent silver-edged investment, in my opinion."

"Quite right," thought The Engineer. "But they have passed out of the realm of speculation."

"So long as we have Kaffirs, what more do we want to speculate in?"

"Well, what about Kaffirs? When is your promised reaction coming and things going better again?"

"Don't you be in such a hurry," advised The Jobber. "Here you miserable speculators spoilt your own market for the time being by rushing to take profits directly things began to fall——"

"And then you come to us asking when it will be all right," added The Broker.

"But we will pull you through once more," said The Jobber, loftily. "All you've got to do is to trust the market, and up you will see everything within a fortnight."

"You really think so?" queried The Merchant, distrustfully.

"Do you impugn my good faith?" demanded The Jobber.

"Oh, dear me, no!" replied The Merchant. "But you Stock Exchange fellows are so full of windy talk that I merely wished to give you an opportunity for second thoughts."

The Jobber did not look much mollified, but the train ran into a tunnel and the light went out, which rendered conversation difficult.

"Did you apply for any Imperial Tobacco shares, sir?" The Banker was asked.

"Not very many," responded he of Lombard Street. "I liked the Debentures better."

"Those Tobacco Preference struck me as being a good investment."

"Of their kind," qualified The Banker, "I should say they were worth possessing. I am informed, however, that it may take a long time to arrange for a Special Settlement in both issues."

"Yes, that is so," The Broker assented.

"Why?" asked The Merchant. "I applied for a lot, and shall sell some of them when my allotment comes out."

"Well, I'm 'staggered'!" exclaimed The Jobber.

"The reason why the Special Settlement is likely to be postponed is the usual one in cases of combination. It is sure to take a long time to transfer all the various interests to the one Company, which means delay in getting the necessary papers before the Stock Exchange Committee, and so forth."

"If I were a member of the Committee"—The Jobber had risen and was looking for his hat—"I should insist upon every firm in the Tobacco Trust sending good-sized samples of their goods to each Committeeman before granting a Special Settlement. Wouldn't you, Brokie?"

Saturday, Feb. 22, 1902.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

M. M. H. (India).—Your letter was answered by last week's mail. Did you know that you had asked over fifty questions? The City Editor is always anxious to assist correspondents, but really there must be some limit to what he is expected to do.

L. G. (Dulverton).—If you can trust your friend, buy a few shares. The market is sick at present and it might be a good time to buy. If South Africans go worse, these shares will not resist the general tendency.

A. M.—The shares belong to the Exploration Company section, and the concessions are in German South-West African territory. We have no belief in the concern, but, of course, its scrip would probably rise a shilling or two in a boom. The only shares which are good delivery on the Stock Exchange are 20s. nominal, fully paid. As to the Barnies, take a fair profit when you can and don't wait for £7.

COLMORE ROW.—There is no reason why you should not hold the whole of your shares and stock. The Industrials are not first-class, especially the last, and the Railway Stock is speculative. Take a fair profit on anything in the list when you can get it.

ALPHA BETA.—The selection is good and there is no reason to realise at present.

CHIFFRE SPEC.—All the shares speculative. Take a fair profit when you can.

R. F. T.—You will, we think, be wasting your money by joining the fourth reconstruction.

F.—The Uruguay Railway shares depend on your estimate of the future prospects of the country. The Eastern extension is certainly the better of the two, as, apart from the reduced guarantee, the line is earning more than enough for its fixed charges, which the Northern extension is not doing. As speculative investments, both shares are not bad. The continuance of the present dividends depends on the punctual payment of the Government guarantees.

N. S. W.—Quebec Bonds are a very good stock to pay about 3½ per cent., but the return seems small. We would rather buy Wellington or Dunedin 6 per cent. Bonds at a premium and put away a trifle of the interest to provide against redemption. We have no information of value as to the Mine Trusts. The price we will let you know next week.

M. H.—We should feel inclined to hold the Second Preference, if you can afford to run some risk for the chance of a considerable rise.

DANUM.—As you have held so long, it is certainly worth while to hold a bit longer and see what English rule will do for the country. After going through the dark days of 1899 and 1900, it cannot be wise to clear out now.

NOTE.—May we again point out to correspondents that this Correspondence Column is intended only for Stock Exchange and other like matters, and that subscriptions to the paper, &c., cannot be dealt with by the City Editor? By remembering this, delay to the correspondent and considerable trouble to the City Editor would be saved.

### THE LATE MR. CLAYDEN.

An estimable Unitarian Minister whose earnest eloquence as a preacher and whose personal geniality won for him many friends outside the world of politics to which he had devoted himself as a public writer of late years, the late Mr. P. W. Clayden would probably have gained a seat in Parliament and have secured a prominent position in the House of Commons in the early period of Mr. Gladstone's Premierships had he been of a less modest nature. Journalists acquainted with Mr. Clayden's ability as a preacher in the Kentish Town Unitarian Church, and with his many years of devoted services as leader-writer and Night Editor on the *Daily News* in years gone by, must have experienced great regret upon hearing of his death on Wednesday last, aged seventy-five. Mr. Clayden was one of the distinguished newspaper men who at its inception gave hearty support to the Institute of Journalists, of which he was chosen President.

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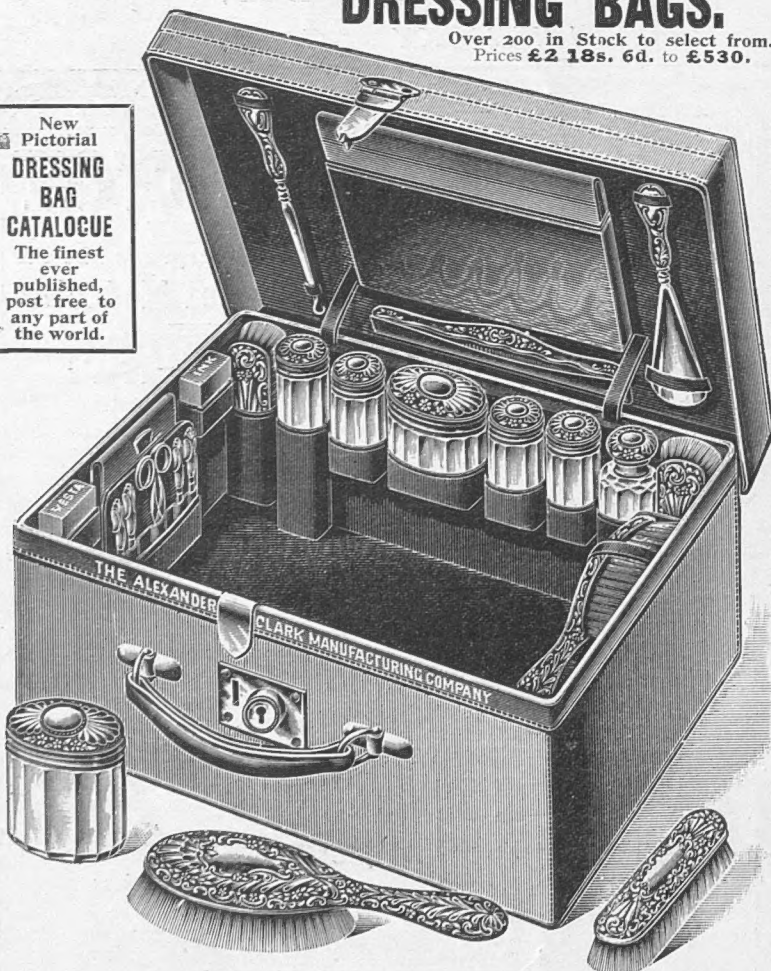


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